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SONGS
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THE WILDERNESS,

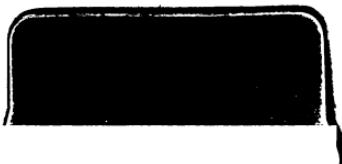


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SONGS IN THE WILDERNESS

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM BROWN,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

*With a Short Account
OF HIS
EXPERIENCE, MINISTRY, AND DEATH.*

"The memory of the just is blessed."

LONDON:
J. GADSBY, BOUVERIE STREET.
BACUP: T. BROWN.
1868.



BACUP :
T. BROWN, PRINTER.

M E M O I R .

THE following Hymns, composed by my late dear husband, were in the press when he breathed his last. He called them "Songs in the Wilderness," and desired to leave them to the Church of God with his dying love.

He had thought of writing some little account of the Lord's gracious dealings with him during the forty years of his spiritual sojourn in the wilderness, but being prevented by extreme illness and continual suffering from accomplishing this, it was his desire that I should do it for him. In the hope that the blessing of God may rest upon the feeble effort, and believing that it will be valued by those who loved his ministry, I shall therefore endeavour to give a sketch of his early days; of his ministry; and of his blessed departure, which was truly falling asleep in Jesus.

The first work of grace upon his soul, I am thankful that I can relate in his own words, as I wrote it down

from his lips a few months ago, one Lord's-day evening when we were alone together, and it is as follows :—

“ From a child I knew myself to be a sinner, but for a year or two I felt myself one. I knew that if I died I must go to hell, but these convictions came and went off again, and my prayer was, ‘ O God, create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.’ ”

“ I used to feel that I never could be saved, that it was impossible, for that nobody had such a heart as I had. I used to make resolutions to serve God, but I found that, like the early cloud and the morning dew, they passed away.

“ While under these convictions, I had two very narrow escapes from drowning. On one of these occasions I was bathing one morning, unknown to my parents, in a deep part of the river Douglas, in Lancashire, when I sank, and I had all the horrors of death by drowning. I felt I was going to hell ; then I was mercifully rescued by my cousin swimming to me, and drawing me to the bank. There, while I lay gasping for breath, I felt such love to God, my very soul seemed full of love and gratitude, and I thought I would love and serve Him all my days ; but this was, I believe, all nature, for I knew nothing of God in Christ, and when I recovered, all my love and joy evaporated like smoke, leaving not a trace behind.

“ This I take to be like the stony-ground hearers ;

MEMOIR.

v

it had nothing to do with the pardon of sin ; but my prayer continued to be, ‘Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.’ After this, I was ill for some months, and one day my mother was reading aloud to me the sixth chapter of John. I took no notice of what she read till she came to the thirty-seventh verse :—‘ All that the Father giveth me shall come to me ; and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.’ The latter part of the verse darted through my mind like a flash of lightning—‘ Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.’ I thought, is it possible ? what, murderers, and thieves, and liars ! But it kept coming again and again. When night came, I went to bed and kneeled down, and pleaded it over with God. What, murderers, and thieves, and liars ! and it kept coming, ‘in no wise cast out,’ and I pleaded again and again, what, ‘in no wise ;’ what, the vilest ! and then the dear Lord seemed to show it all to me ; and I had a view of Christ on the cross, as if I could actually see him hanging there, with the eyes of my mind, as clear as if it were with my bodily eyes, and the word ~~not~~ coming again and again, ‘Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,’ and all my sins were instantaneously removed. They were all gone ; all my sins swept away, and I looked to see if there were none left, no—all swept away ! I was as full of joy and gladness as I could be. In the morning,

when I awoke, I thought it was a dream. I rubbed my eyes to see whether it was so ; no ! it was a reality. The same joy was there, and I hugged my pillow and the bed-clothes, feeling I had Christ in my arms ; it was all things new. I was then not quite fourteen years of age—I think I wanted one month to my birthday. I believe it was January, 1826."

I never could persuade my dear husband to continue this account, he was always too ill, or something prevented. He used to say that he never had experienced a very deep law work ; he had felt himself to be truly a sinner, and deserved to go to hell, but never went through the great distress that some believers do. He thought that God was a sovereign in these matters ; that we must not set up a standard of our own ; that as long as the tree is felled, it is of no consequence, whether it is by the woodman's axe or by the whirlwind. What he always contended for, in his ministry, was, that it must come down, whether by severe or more gentle methods.

Soon after this blessed deliverance, which has been described in his own words, the great affliction of his loss of sight began. He had been very ill and was, he believed, unskillfully treated by excessive bleeding and the use of mercury. As he recovered his health he gradually became blind, and this sore trial lasted for ten years. He was then only fifteen, longing to read

the word of God, but unable to do so ; he used to carry a little Bible in his pocket, and get any one who was willing to read a verse to him, and then go into the garden and repeat it over and over again to himself.

He did not hear the gospel preached, nor had he any Christian friends with whom he could hold communion; nor was he led into the blessed doctrines of grace until he was twenty-one years of age. It was a most peculiar feeling that he had during these years, as if Christ died for him only, and nobody else; and such was his love to the Lord Jesus that he could hardly hear His name without the tears coming to his eyes, and he used to pray and beseech the Lord to take him to be with Himself, like the poor man in the gospel. But the time was coming when a new life was to be opened before him.

Mr. Alfred Hewlett, a minister in the Church of England, came to preach in the town of Wigan for one Lord's day. He went to hear him; the text was, "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." The whole plan of salvation, and all the doctrines of grace were revealed to him that day; it seemed like the pouring out of the Spirit upon him. I have often heard him say he never could describe the joy he felt; it was like a second conversion. These blessed truths he loved and maintained most strenuously to the end of his life.

He soon found out some of God's poor people in the town, and met with them in a room. He became acquainted with the late Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester, Mr. Kershaw, of Rochdale, and the late Mr. M'Kenzie, of Preston. These were his early and much-loved friends in the ministry. He was baptized by Mr. Kershaw, and was united with him in church fellowship. When he was twenty-five years of age, the Lord opened his mouth to preach the gospel.

He began to speak in a small room, with much fear and trembling and distrust of himself, which feeling never altogether left him during the whole of his ministry—a period of exactly thirty years.

He had preached two Lord's days in a small chapel at Bolton, when he was led by a mysterious link in Providence to go to London to consult an eminent Oculist. He went for the satisfaction of another, having himself no hope of receiving any benefit to his sight. But God had ordered otherwise.

Six operations were performed during the next six months. He remained in London for this period, and no benefit followed until after the last operation, when he saw a flash of light, and in a few days he began to see the outline of the houses and other distinct objects. In a fortnight he was able to read for the first time. The portion of Scripture he selected was the 103rd Psalm, which I had the happiness of hearing.



Many times during these years of blindness he had wrestled with God in prayer for a restoration of sight, pleading such passages as "Ask and ye shall receive," and "All things are possible to him that believeth." After these seasons he would open his eyes, expecting to be able to see, hoping to receive an immediate and miraculous answer.

That was not God's time or way. While waiting for the sixth operation his soul was brought into such perfect submission to the Lord's will, that he felt that if the turning of a straw would have given him the most perfect sight, he would not have done it. Then the blessing came. He always believed that his prayers had been heard, but no answer was given till he was able to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and then it was not in the way he had expected, but through the instrumentality of second causes. This he named a few days before he died. He learned a lesson which was never forgotten. One of the marked characteristics of his prayers ever after was entire submission to the will of God. His sight always remained peculiar; he had a difficulty in recognising individuals, but could see to read both in the pulpit and at home, and this he was favoured to do till the last.

He was, however, obliged to use daily the extract of Belladonna, which enlarged the pupil of the eye. The fact that the Belladonna continued efficacious, though

used for about thirty years, was thought to be remarkable by medical men. I name it at the request of one of his medical friends.

It was in 1837, during this visit to London, that my dear husband first became acquainted with his dear friend and brother, Mr. Philpot, who was then a young man, full of zeal and warmth in the things of God. It was Mr. Philpot's first visit to Zoar Chapel, London, where he was preaching to large congregations, and greatly blessed. Mr. Brown was delighted at hearing his testimony for God, and gladly availed himself of the opportunity of going into the vestry to speak to him. Mr. Philpot received him kindly, saying he did not know how he could himself bear such an affliction as the loss of sight; the answer was, "You would have strength given." In after years this intercourse was renewed, Mr. Brown preaching frequently for Mr. Philpot, and Mr. Philpot paying us an annual visit at Godmanchester. On the last of these occasions, I remember two sentences that were uttered that struck me very much. Mr. Philpot said with the apostle, "I die daily;" Mr. Brown replied that he was "in deaths oft."

Their last interview was a remarkable one. It was in Mr. Philpot's study at Stamford, in March, 1860. Mr. Tiptaft, Mr. Grace, and Mr. Brown met there unexpectedly to each other. Mr. Philpot has very

kindly furnished me with a few particulars of the interview : he says,—“ It so happened that we all four, together with Mr. Pickering, a gracious old Hunting-tonian, met together, without any appointment, in my room, they coming to call upon me, independently of each other. We were all struck with the circumstance, and after some nice conversation, Mr. Grace said very solemnly, ‘ We shall never meet together again in this life, and we must not part without prayer.’ Mr. Tiptaft read a portion of the Word, and Mr. Grace prayed with great solemnity and feeling, and when we parted at the close, I believe we all felt that we should never all meet together again in this life. I am now the only survivor of the five who then knelt down together. How solemn the thought that I should be spared, who at the time seemed to be the weakest!”

Dear Mr. Grace was the first of those four servants of God, then dear Mr. Tiptaft, and now my beloved husband has also fallen asleep. Mr. Pickering also has left the church below. Oh ! that we who are left sorrowing may be enabled to rejoice in thinking of the meeting above.

About six weeks after the blessing of sight had been restored to him, we were married, and went to reside at Bolton, in Lancashire, where he laboured among a few of God’s poor people for twelve months. The next year he travelled about preaching in various places, till

he became the pastor of a little Baptist Church at Woburn, in Bedfordshire, remaining there some years. During the whole of this time he was greatly tried about the ministry. Though he had proof after proof that God was with him, he seemed as if he could not be satisfied, till one day as he was crossing a field, greatly burdened, he felt he was enabled to cast himself on the Lord, and saw that it was of no consequence whether he was comfortable or not in preaching, if the Lord did but bless the word ; this he has often spoken of as a time of great deliverance to him. But still to the end of his ministry he was much exercised and felt the burden of the word of the Lord. He thought it was such a solemn thing to stand up to preach the truth, and to divide it rightly, giving to each a portion in due season : and he had no sympathy with those who thought it a light or easy thing.

He has spoken of one particular season that he had while preaching in London—I cannot remember whether it was in Eden or Gower Street pulpit. He was very low and distressed, when a feeling came over him as if some one's arms were put round him, and the word came to him with much power, as if it might have been whispered to him,—“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

He often said he only lived to preach the gospel, and the Lord's day evening before he died, he burst into

tears, saying, "I shall never preach the blessed gospel again." During the whole of his ministry he never gave himself one holiday : he said he dared not to be silent while he had strength to speak, and many can testify to the effort he made, during the last few years, to get into the pulpit. For about two years he preached standing on one foot and leaning on one arm ; after, that, he was obliged to preach sitting, as he could stand no longer. Truly he was like the apostle, in labours abundant, never sparing himself while he was able.

I have known him repeatedly walk twenty or thirty miles on the Saturday, preach twice on the Lord's day, and walk back the same distance on the Monday. On one of these journeys, when the ground was covered with snow, I recollect feeling uneasy about him, and walking some miles to meet him. This proved to be a merciful providence, for he was greatly distressed with his eye: the ground and everything appeared as if covered with blood ; he supposed it was the glare of the snow that in some way affected him. I believe that the Lord watched over him in a special way, for he was from defective sight constantly exposed to danger in travelling.

He left Woburn, owing to the overbearing conduct of a rich man in the church. He then removed to Godmanchester, where he was truly loved and valued by the

church and congregation. He remained there nearly seventeen years, having been greatly blessed in his ministry. During his residence there, my dear husband was greatly tried by a long illness with which the Lord was pleased to visit me. For seven years I was quite confined to the sofa, and he carried me up and down stairs, nursing me with the most devoted love and patience the whole time. He used sometimes to say that in one respect he was like John Newton, for he had two nieces brought up under his care: to one he was appointed guardian, the other from a very early age he adopted as his own child. Most conscientiously were these duties performed, as in the fear of God.

He did not take sufficient care of his health, and his illness began through walking a long distance of some miles one most inclement day, to attend the funeral of a child. He stood in the open air whilst speaking, with snow and rain, and then dried his clothes as he stood by the fire, being wet through, staying to preach in the evening at an old farm-house. When he returned at night he was so cold he seemed as if he could not get warm, and he said he never felt the same afterwards. He continued at Godmanchester till his health failed entirely, and it was the opinion of three medical men that he could not live unless he removed to a drier atmosphere, and Brighton was recommended as his future residence.

The union that existed between himself and many of his church and congregation was very strong, and it was hard to part. I well remember the sad farewell, and his distress when he got to London. Here he remained for some weeks, as he was engaged to supply at Gower Street Chapel.

I was obliged to leave him and return to make arrangements for removing, so that he was left alone. I must here mention the kindness he received from the late Thomas Clowes, Esq., of Haverstock Hill. My dear husband could never speak of it with sufficient gratitude. This dear man of God was almost a stranger to him personally, but as soon as he heard the circumstances under which he was placed, he went to him and said he could not allow him to be in lodgings alone, and that he had come to help him to pack up his things, and to take him to his house. This was done, and there he remained during his stay in London, Mr. and Mrs. Clowes, like the good Samaritan, pouring oil and wine into his wounded heart. They nursed him both in body and mind, and comforted him in every possible way. Can we say, as some do, when we hear of such conduct, that there is no love left in the Church below? My dear husband was of a most sensitive nature, and I think I may say he never forgot the least kindness shown him, even if it were by a little child.

It was not to be idle that he left his beloved flock, and as long as he possibly could, he did the work of an evangelist, travelling about, and preaching, even when obliged to use crutches. At last, these journeys became so very distressing that he was obliged to give them up, and he then assisted his dear friend and brother in the Lord, Mr. Wallinger, at the Pavilion Chapel.

It was on the 9th of May, 1867, that he was suddenly seized with violent palpitation of the heart. The two previous evenings he had been preaching at West Street and Pavilion Chapels, and it was thought that the exertion was too much for him. He was quite calm and peaceful during the attack, which we hoped might pass off, and we did not apprehend danger till the Saturday night, when he became much worse, and the next day all hope of his recovery was given up. He afterwards described his feelings when his good and faithful doctor intimated to him his danger.

He said, for a moment he felt startled, but that he had no fear or dismay. He inquired how long it was likely that he would live, and was told that unless a change took place it could not be many hours. He said that he very soon began to feel not only peace but joy at the prospect of his speedy departure; he felt like a person going a journey, and that he had nothing to do but to die; he could not have thought it possible that under such circumstances he could have felt as he

did ; that dying seemed nothing, all the sting was taken away ; it was not only peace, but joy unspeakable ; that he felt as if he might be walking upon the waters, and the waves all under his feet, and he compared it to the sea of glass mentioned in Rev. xv. Many dear friends came to bid him farewell. He gave directions for his funeral, and many other things that he wished attended to. He gave me his watch, saying he had done with it for ever, and then quietly waited for the summons,—“Come up higher.”

At one o'clock on the Wednesday, both his medical attendants took leave of him, believing his end to be very near. Two hours afterwards he said he thought he could sleep, which he did for one hour, and awoke almost restored. The palpitation of his heart had ceased, his pulse had returned, and his countenance looked quite healthy.

I shall never forget my joy : his recovery was like life from the dead : but it was no joy to him ; his distress was great ; we did not see one smile upon his face for two days. He very rapidly regained his strength, and in ten days was able to preach again at the Pavilion Chapel, on the Lord's day evening. His text was,—“For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far better,” Phil. i. 23.

It was a blessed testimony to the faithfulness of God

to His people in death. It was really like a voice from one who had been almost over the river. It had been his experience that Christ could, and did, make a dying bed feel "soft as downy pillows are"—and he declared it to others. Many felt the power of that discourse. My own feeling at the time was that he was preaching his own funeral sermon.

Soon after this recovery, he wrote a letter to his esteemed friend and brother Mr. H. C. H.,—this being the last, or nearly the last letter, that he ever penned. The following is an extract from it :—

" June 22nd, 1867.—In my late illness I thought I should be able to tell poor sinners to trust, and not be afraid. The peace I felt was indescribable. In myself a guilty wretch, but standing on the sea of glass, the blood and righteousness of Christ, I felt as though I was walking on solid ice ; not a drop of water to touch me. I had the feeling,—' Is this death ? Is it possible ? ' Such peace, perfect peace, and quiet joy. All, all my sin blotted out, and the sky above without a cloud. I was just like a child safe folded in its mother's arms. My dear friend, cast yourself at His feet with me as a vile, guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and neither you nor I shall ever perish. He is faithful who has promised—' Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' This was my first word of comfort, and it must be my last : I have no other hope. Would

you believe it? I was cast down at my recovery, because I feared I should never be so much favoured again. This thought, I believe, came from the devil. Why should we doubt? How unkind to harbour such hard thoughts of our best friend. ‘He that has delivered will deliver.’ ‘He rests in His love.’—Your unworthy brother in Christ, WM. BROWN.”

After this he preached only seven times. His last text was,—“And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily,” Luke xviii. 7, 8. He appeared to me joy the subject, and was much favoured in speaking; but when he returned home he told me he had thought whilst preaching that it would very likely be his last sermon. So it proved to be. The next Lord’s day he was unable to go out, and he hardly ever left his bed afterwards—a period of five months.

Amidst the greatest sufferings—for it was rheumatic gout in its most painful form—his patience was exemplary, and his faith unshaken. He never was permitted to doubt for one moment his interest in Christ, and twice when he appeared to be in the immediate prospect of death he was in perfect peace. The many blessed things he said during those months of suffering would fill a volume, but I shall only mention a few of what I may call his dying sayings: they are exactly

what fell from his lips at different times. Everything here recorded came spontaneously from him. I do not remember ever asking him about the state of his mind. I knew he was safe; ready to depart at any moment, and I had often heard him say, he did not think it right to ask old Believers, who had known and loved the Lord for years, if Christ were precious, and so on. "Precious!" he would sometimes say, "why, he is everything, everything, our only hope, and our all." In visiting the sick and dying, he always acted on this himself.

Early one morning, when he thought death near, he said,—"Dying, fall asleep in Jesus. For ever with the Lord! Oh how peaceful is my soul, and all through the blood of the Lamb. I have almost done with prayer. The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended. What love to us, but justice too! Yes, God is just. This is a sweet deathbed. My sweetest, dearest, kindest love to the Godmanchester friends; I leave them my dying blessing. Also my love to the friends at Leicester, London, and the Pavilion Chapel, and to all the friends in the different places where I have preached the Gospel. My love to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. God's people are my friends. The time of my departure is at hand. Good bye, dear love; I have not the least doubt of our knowing each other in glory. I never doubt it for a

moment. Oh no! and I shall watch for you, and long for your coming." Many times he spoke of his dear old hearers who had gone before, and believed they would welcome him in.

He often said,—“I have had confidence, but I did not expect joy; but it is joy unspeakable. A few days before he died a little cloud came over him—not a doubt of his interest in Christ, but he was not enjoying the sensible presence, and the valley got gloomy, and once he said, “Surely the waters of Jordan are overwhelming,” but added, “It is all right; I have not a doubt but it is all right; I have not the *shadow* of a doubt but when I depart I shall be with Him, and that is where I long to be.” Another time he said, “I am beginning to feel the joy of deliverance. The Lord sends these sufferings to make us willing to part.” I said, “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” He answered, “I have often felt that word sweet, *thou, enter thou*. God’s people are not all thrown in as a mass, but to each one entering heaven it is said separately—‘Enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord.’”

“What a wonderful thing the Lord should ever have loved me! I who am such a wretch. ‘Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.’” In the night, the twenty-third Psalm was read to him, and he said the fourth verse was so sweet—“Yea, though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." " Christ is precious on a dying bed ;

' And dying clasp him in my arms,
The antidote of death.'

" I once saw the Lord of Life and Glory on the cross dying for me, and he seemed to look on me, and say, ' Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' " We said, " What shall we do when you are gone ? " He answered, " ' Fear not, I am with thee'—the sweetest, the sweetest word I ever heard. Precious Jesus, precious Jesus ! Fall asleep in Jesus ! My poor body will soon lie in the grave, till the resurrection morn, in the last long sleep, then awake, and to be like the Lord Jesus, to have a glorious body : what a wonderful thought ! Oh, what a happy release it will be when I am gone ! I wonder when it will be ; the day, and the hour of the day, is all fixed by the Lord. I have nothing but the blood and righteousness of Christ to rest upon. All through the blood of the Lamb. This is always what I have preached, and it is now what I trust in. Nothing else but Christ." On the last Lord's day he kept repeating, " My love, my dove, my undefiled," he said that word was so much on his mind. In the afternoon he wished to have the account of the Pilgrims going over the river read to him, from the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress. He said it was beautiful, beautiful, delicious, delicious ! that it

would bear reading once a week. It was read to him three times.

The letters of Christopher Love to his wife, written while awaiting his execution, were also read to him. Of these he was very fond, and had been so for many years—one letter being dated, “The day of my glorification.”

In the evening, the vision of Stephen was read to him. This was the last portion of Scripture which he heard. A drowsiness came over him, which continued for two days, though when he spoke he was quite sensible; but he could not keep awake more than a minute—so he slept on, till he sweetly fell asleep in Christ, December 10th, 1867, aged 55 years.

There were three things on my dear husband's mind during his illness, which I think it right to name. He did not like to hear the Lord Jesus Christ spoken of simply as “Jesus,” except on very particular occasions, or in the language of Scripture, and in a solemn manner. He used to say that “Jesus” was His name as man, when He dwelt below, and that when so spoken of in the Word of God, it is in the historical parts of the New Testament: that after His ascension the apostles generally spoke of Him as the Lord Jesus Christ. He said that in speaking of the Queen, we should not think of calling her Victoria. And if we pay homage to an earthly sovereign, how much more to the King

of Kings and Lord of lords! He has named it from the pulpit, and he much wished that the attention of Christians might be called to the subject.

He also thought that many persons speak of death in a very light, unbecoming manner. He said they did not know what it was to be in dying circumstances, and it often cast down others who had a fear of death. He had known such to be the case, and he thought they sometimes spoke with vain confidence and presumption. He believed that the Lord did not give dying grace till a dying day, and that it was no light thing to be in the immediate prospect of death. When in this solemn place himself, he spoke of that well-known line in Pope's Ode—"O the pain, the bliss of dying." He said it was "dreadful" to think that an ungodly man should write it, and that ungodly people should sing it.

Another subject that he often mentioned, was the tendency in many of the dear children of God to look to their doubts and fears as evidences of grace, looking to the work of the Spirit in the heart, instead of to the work of Christ. In speaking of it, he often quoted those lines of Hart's—

"Are the shipwreck'd saved by sinking?
Can the ruin'd rise by fears?"

A short extract from one of his letters will be interesting, as it bears on this subject:—"It is sweet to have fellowship here below, to talk of the things our

soul loves. The same hopes, desires, fears, and affections agitate our breasts, though in different degrees. But what will it be when we shall meet above? There to remember the way the Lord has led us, and talk over what most deeply interested us on earth. Here comes the question of 'little faith'—but shall I be there? Yes; if resting only on the finished work of Christ, and able at times to say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, and I love Thy dear people, they are the excellent of the earth.' What but grace can bring about this change of heart from what it once felt? Once I know I did not love the Lord; no, not at all; nor His people either. I never used to feel the Word of God precious, or prayer a delight. Now it is often, too often so in my feelings, but I dare not say *always so*. 'Sometimes *I enjoy*,' says little faith, and then '*I can trust*.' I want little faith to learn to walk not by sight and sense, but by faith. A faithful God remains the same at all times. God bless you, my dear friends, with the light of his countenance, and nearness at the throne."

In his preaching, my dear husband was constantly setting forth the blood and righteousness of Christ, as the only safe hope and confidence of poor sinners, and often said it was Christ—not himself—that he wished to speak of; yet, perhaps, few ministers entered more deeply into the trials and temptations of the family of God.

During the seven weary, painful years that my beloved husband passed at Brighton, he was cheered by the brotherly affection that subsisted between himself and Mr. Wallinger, and by the kindness he received from many members of the congregation at the Pavilion Chapel.

Some dear friends may be surprised that so little is said concerning his illness. The fact is, that his sufferings the last five months of his life were so distressing that I cannot enter upon them.

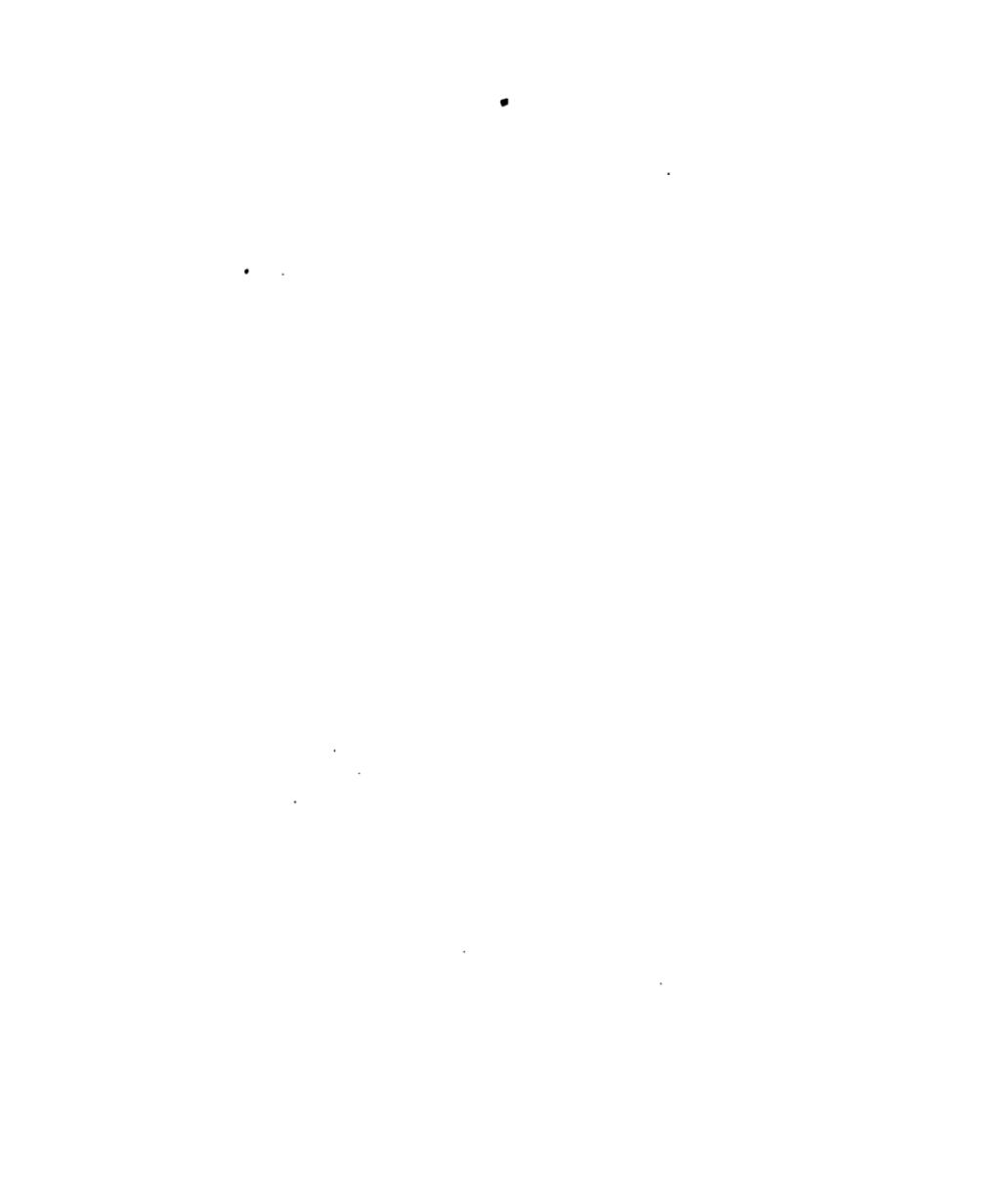
To Drs. Moon and Bennie, his medical attendants, he was greatly indebted for their attention and love. He often blessed God for this favour.

I desire to leave this imperfect sketch with the Church of God, to whom he was a willing servant for Christ's sake, and conclude with the words addressed to the Prophet Elisha, II Kings iv. 1,—“Thy servant my husband is dead, and thou knowest that thy servant did fear the Lord.”

EMMA BROWN.

Brighton, January 16th, 1868.

8



SONGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

ON THE HOLY SPIRIT.

It was the Eternal Spirit first
Convinced me sinners are accursed ;
That I was one, if not the worst,
 Leprous, and blind, and lame :
He led me trembling to God's throne,
Constrained me there to sigh and groan,
While I was, as I thought, alone :*
 I bless his holy name.

At length he brought salvation near,
Whispered forgiveness in my ear,
Sweet antidote to all my fear,
 And sin, and guilt, and shame :

* Not knowing the Spirit was then working in me.

He turned aside the avenging rod,
Sprinkled Emmanuel's precious blood,
And shed abroad the love of God :
I bless his holy name.

When Gilead's balm had wrought the cure,
He kindly spoke and made it sure,
That I should to the end endure :
How sweet that promise came !
And ever since I knew the Lord,
When much cast down and self-abhorred,
He lifts me up with some sweet word :
I bless his holy name.

Though oftentimes harassed, tempted, tried,
My Teacher, Comforter, and Guide,
Has hitherto my need supplied ;
How shall I sound his fame !

With heart and tongue I would confess,
Not only Christ my righteousness,
But the blest Spirit also bless :
Thrice blessed be His name.

THE GOSPEL.

THE gospel chimes its golden bells,
The silver trumpet sounds ;
Glad tidings to the lost it tells,
That grace o'er sin abounds.

On God the Son's devoted head
Iniquity was laid :
The Surety of the covenant bled,
And full atonement made.

Behold the Lamb, ye contrite souls,
The Lamb for sinners cursed !
Salvation like a river rolls ;
Drink freely, ye that thirst.

Ye needy poor, in Christ believe ;
His grace no longer doubt ;
The guiltiest wretch He will receive,
In nowise cast him out.

He came to save the very chief
Of sinners, such as we :
Zaccheus, and the dying thief,
Attest salvation free.

Not by his own works, tears, or prayers,
The sinner enters heaven ;
But through Emmanuel, truth declares,
No other name is given.

ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD.

"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock ; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth."—
PSALM LXXX. 1.

SHEPHERD of Israel, deign to bless,
While wandering in the wilderness,
Thy little flock, a feeble band,
Struggling to reach the promised land.

Vouchsafe, to guide our footsteps right,
The cloud by day, the fire by night ;
Whate'er betide, thy presence grant,
For that comprises all we want.

If thou be with us where we go,
We feel secure from every foe ;
But if thy countenance forsake,
We tremble every step we take.

We sojourn in a weary land,
With dangers fraught on every hand ;
And daily find, with grief opprest,
Meshech is not our place of rest.

A distant glimpse of Canaan's hills,
With joyful hope our bosom fills ;
We seem to stand upon its shore,
And fancy all our conflicts o'er.

But soon, alas ! too soon, we find
The desert is not all behind ;
A little while, a little way,
There yet remains to endless day.

Till the glad hour when thou shalt come,
To tell thy flock, and call them home,
Shepherd of Israel, guard and guide,
And all-sufficient grace provide.

THE PURE IN HEART.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." — MATT. v. 8.

Who shall abide the searching test
That meets us in the word?
We read, the pure in heart are blest,
For they shall see the Lord.

Surely in vain, o'er sea and land,
We search to find one meet,
In spotless purity, to stand
Before the judgment-seat,

Our heart a cage of unclean birds,
Corrupt, deceitful, base;
How can we understand these words,
Or reconcile with grace?

The mystery, brethren, lies in this,
'Tis life's distinctive sign ; —
Two natures has the heir of bliss,
An earthly and divine.

The conscience may be purged with blood,
And cleansed from all its stains ;
While yet averse to all that's good,
The carnal mind remains.

Since it is thus with all the saints,
We need not feel surprise,
To find rejoicings and complaints
Alternately arise.

The various wanderings of the flock,
Christ's little flock we view ;
And gather from the sacred book
Comfort and caution too.

We read of one, a man of God,
 Blest in no small degree,—
“ Simon Barjona, flesh and blood
 “ Revealed it not to thee.”

His garments soiled with mire we see,
 And plainly do they speak,
A willing spirit there may be,
 And yet the flesh be weak.

When tempted, and by fear assailed,
 Poor Peter sank dismayed :
His strength forsook, his courage failed,
 When questioned by the maid.

He uttered lies ; he cursed, and swore
 Jesus he did not know ;
But love, that loves for evermore,
 Would not let Peter go.

The Spirit of grace repentance wrought ;
Witness his bitter tears :
A life-long lesson had been taught ;
Henceforth himself he fears.

Among the low he falls the lowest,
Condemned and self-abhorred :
“Thou knowest all things, and thou knowest
“I love thee, dearest Lord.”

Is this your feeling ? then be sure,
Yours is no doubtful case :
His heart, who loves the Lord, is pure,
And such shall see his face.

DAVID'S LAMENT.

PSALM LI.

O LORD, I acknowledge my sin ;
The remembrance is wormwood and gall ;
The poison of asps is within ;
My heart is the seat of it all.
I pour out my tears on the ground,
A mourner by night and by day ;
Ashamed as a thief when he's found ;
“Have mercy” is all I can say.

Like a bow that doth constantly swerve,
(The deceit of his heart, who can tell ?)
Damnation I own, I deserve,
The deepest damnation of hell.

A sinner, for mercy I plead ;
I bring neither bullock nor ram ;
A richer atonement I need,
And God has provided the Lamb.

Yes, the seed of the woman shall rise ;
The Messiah shall shortly appear ;
Each prophet successively cries,
The day of redemption draws near.
Lord, let not thy Spirit depart ;
Revive, and uphold me, and shine ;
Bear witness, and seal on my heart,
This rock of salvation is mine.

To cleanse the polluted from sin,
The blood of the covenant shall flow ;
Take pity, and plunge me therein,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Thy sweet consolations restore,
And open my mouth to thy praise,
And I will thy mercy adore,
And teach the transgressors thy ways.

JEHOVAH JIREH.

WHEN faithful Abraham took the knife,
To slay his son at God's command,
A ram was found for Isaac's life ;
The thicket held it close at hand.

When famine raged throughout the earth,
And Israel pined for lack of bread,
Joseph was raised to stay the dearth,
And Egypt's corn their cattle fed.

Behold Jehovah's out-stretched hand
Protecting his defenceless seed,
When followed hard by Pharaoh's band,
The chariot and the snorting steed :

He brought Arabia's foaming tide
In fury down upon the foe ;
And crushed that haughty monarch's pride,
That would not let his people go.

Again, in Peter's case we see,
When God from prison would discharge,
The iron gate, without a key,
Flies open, and he walks at large.

The church, assailed in every age,
Is rescued by almighty power ;
Nor can the foe, with all his rage,
The feeblest of the flock devour.

Look back, my soul, though rough thy path,
Strength as thy day has been supplied ;
Then shout, though hell be moved with wrath,
The Lord of Hosts will still provide.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN, OR, THE BACKSLIDER
RESTORED.

IN Salem I abode,
God's praises my employ ;
Peace like a river flowed,
And filled my soul with joy :
But soon I took the road to shame,
And down toward Jericho I came.

An easy path I sought,
And pleasant to my feet ;
Alas ! I little thought,
The dangers I should meet ;
In careless mood I sauntered on,
Though solid peace and joy were gone.

My conscience spoke in vain
Of Christ and his dear cross ;
How all my fancied gain,
Would end in real loss :
Ere long I found its warnings true,
The murderous robbers burst in view.

They stopped me in the way ;
Stripped me of all I had ;
And smote me till I lay
Bruised, bleeding, and half dead :
A guilty wretch, I could but groan,
Feeling the folly all my own.

A Priest who now came by,
My sad condition viewed ;
Then, leaving me to die,
His journey he pursued :
A legalist, opposed to grace,
Was not the man to meet my case.

A Levite next appears,
His pity I implore ;
He sees me bathed in tears,
And weltering in my gore :
But moved with Pharisaic pride,
He passes on the other side.

While helpless thus I lay,
And hope my breast forsook,
A stranger came that way,
Compassion in his look ;
But who can tell ? I never can,
The love of that Samaritan.

My gaping wounds he drest,
Pouring in oil and wine ;
Then placed me on his beast,
And brought me to an inn ;
My soul, from death to life restored,
With joy exclaimed, “ It is the Lord ! ”

He tarried till the morn,
To me a little while ;
Then, as I looked forlorn,
He cheered me with a smile :
Two silver pence the host received,
With charge to see my wants relieved.

Ye servants of the Lord !
What ye expend in love,
His visits will afford
A hundred-fold above ;
Remember this, whate'er befall,
The end will make amends for all.

At times Christ comes to bless
Poor pilgrims at the inn ;
Their troubles to redress,
And heal the wounds of sin :
But as a traveller, short his stay,
He leaves them at the break of day.

Blest Spirit ! ever be
My teacher and my guide ;
Anoint, and keep me free
From folly and from pride ;
Help a poor worm, by grace restored,
Henceforth to cleave unto the Lord.

LIGHT AFFLICION.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." — 2 COR. iv. 17.

How little and how light
Are all my sufferings here ;
With my Redeemer's cross in sight,
They cannot claim a tear.

My griefs are swallowed up,
When I by faith can see
The deeper sorrows of the cup
The Saviour drank for me.

And when I thus can feel
What my vile sins have done,
My heart grows soft, no more like steel,
But wax before the sun.

Self-pity then gives place
To meltings from above ;
While I with weeping wonder trace
Emmanuel's bleeding love.

In favoured times like these,
(My head anointed fresh,)
Trials themselves the spirit please,
Though painful to the flesh.

But when the Lord departs,
And unbelief grows strong,
No present good true peace imparts ;
I sorrow all day long.

'Tis only while I see
The soul-transporting sight,
Of Jesus and his love to me,
That any cross is light.

THE DEW.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel." — HOSEA xiv. 5.

THIS precious promise suits full well
The barrenness of Israel ;
He bears no fruit, indeed 'tis true,
He cannot live without the dew.

It falls unmerited and free
On men of high and low degree ;
As God ordains, its drops distil,
On Gideon's fleece, on Hermon's hill.

Drop down, ye heavens, drop down anew,
And bless me with a copious dew ;
That I, a withered branch, may be
Transformed into a fruitful tree.

To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes ;
A thirsty land for moisture cries ;
The tender shoots of grace decay,
If watered not both night and day.

My feeble faith, my peace and joy,
The burning sun would soon destroy ;
Did not the fostering dew revive,
These "pleasant plants" could not survive.

On Christ, the manna that descends
From heaven, my soul for food depends ;
And since it falleth with the dew,
I learn to prize the Spirit too.

The Lord is faithful, this I know ;
And past experience proves it so :
Why should I doubt ? his word is true,
God has been, will be as the dew.

THE PORT GAINED.

"Then they willingly received Him into the ship ; and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went." — JOHN vi. 21.

The ship was launched upon the deep
Just at the close of day ;
While Jesus on the neighbouring steep
Remained to watch and pray.

No marvel if reluctantly,
Obedient to his word,
The young disciples put to sea,
And parted from the Lord.

The boisterous wind the waves upreared,
And tossed their little bark ;
While neither moon nor star appeared,
To guide them in the dark.

The night wore on ; still raged the storm ;
The morning watch had come ;
When, so they thought, a spectre form
Approached them in the gloom.

Now conscience to its depths was stirred ;
Each heart was sore dismayed ;
Till Jesus gave the cheering word,
“ ‘Tis I, be not afraid !”

O who can tell with what delight
They welcomed Him on board !
In his dear presence all was right,
Their peace and joy restored.

With Christ the blessing is obtained :
What can be wanted more ?
The wished for port at once is gained,
The ship is at the shore.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, my portion is blest ;
I never shall want what shall be for the best ;
The heart-cheering words came expressly to me,
My grace is sufficient at all times for thee.

He leads to green pastures, and under his eye,
Beside the still waters securely I lie ;
For why should I dread either lion or bear,
Or the fierce evening wolf when my Shepherd is
near.

Oft, alas ! led astray by rebellion and pride,
I foolishly wander far off from his side ;
But his mercy is such that he follows me then,
And his Spirit revives and restores me again.

No harm shall befall me, a pilgrim of faith,
Though I walk through the valley and shadow of
death ;
For the stay of my life, yea my staff and my rod,
Are the word and the oath of my covenant God.

My table he spreads in the sight of my foes,
And while he is with me they dare not oppose ;
My head he anoints with fresh oil from above,
And my cup overflows with his excellent love.

Past goodness and mercy demand all my praise,
And they surely shall follow the rest of my days ;
And my soul shall for ever—I trust in his word—
For ever abide in the house of the Lord.

PETER'S VISION.

ACTS X. 9.

THE sun was at its height,
The house-top felt its glare,
As Peter, screened from human sight,
Poured forth his fervent prayer.

The gospel must advance,
Like Aaron's budding rod ;
To teach this truth, a holy trance
Fell on the man of God.

A vessel like a sheet,
Descending from the skies,
At the four corners closely knit,
Attracts his wondering eyes.

There lay the creeping thing ;
Cattle that till the earth ;
With many a fowl of varied wing,
And beast of savage birth.

There came a heavenly voice,
“ Rise, Peter ; kill, and eat ; ”
Nor dare to call the Just One’s choice
• Unclean, or common meat.

Three times that voice he heard,
The vessel came and went ;
Awhile he mused upon the word,
And waited the event.

Three men are at thy gate,
The Spirit bids thee go ;
And lest thou, doubting, hesitate,
The vision thou shalt know.

Four-footed beasts of earth,
And flying fowl were there ;
With creeping things of meaner birth,
That no man need despair.

For these vile things are each
A type of man's lost race ;
Then go to such, and boldly preach
Electing love and grace.

Go with these men and speak,
In words not faint nor few,
Salvation to the sinful Greek,
As well as to the Jew.

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name;
thou art mine."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."—
Isaiah XLIII. 1, 2.

WHEN thou passest through the waters,
 Fear them not, I am thy God ;
I will bring my sons and daughters
 Seathless through the fire and flood ;
 I am with thee,
Mine thou art, redeemed by blood.

Precious, priceless consolation,
 Promises like these afford ;
We may well say, happy nation,
 Whose Redeemer is the Lord.
 Fear not, trust him,
True and faithful is the word.

Though thy bark be tossed and driven,
Tackling broken, mast and spar ;
Thou shalt reach thy destined haven,
Guided safe by Bethlehem's star ;
'Tis the promise
Beaming on thee from afar.

Clouds and darkness may surround thee,
Hide the Saviour from thy sight ;
Conscience, law, and sin confound thee,
Satan's fiery darts affright ;
Still take courage,
Look at evening time for light.

Oft nigh vanquished thou shalt rally,
Struggling, fighting, with thy foes ;
Till at rest beyond the valley
Where all mortal conflicts close :
Once beyond it,
Nought shall break thy blest repose.

Thou shalt trace how God has led thee,
Through these labyrinths of woe ;
Quickened, called, instructed, fed thee,
While a wanderer here below ;
In those regions
Where the crystal waters flow.

Ever freed from earth's disorders,
Filled with joys that shall suffice,
Perfect peace in all thy borders,
Feasting thy enraptured eyes
On Emmanuel ;
Such shall be thy paradise.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE cross be all my theme,
The Saviour's bloody cross;
Well may a ransomed sinner deem
All else but dung and dross.

Taught by the Holy Ghost,
That Christ my surety died;
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Crucified.

My righteousness I own
But filthy rags at best ;
And often do I sigh and groan,
With guilt and shame opprest.

To Golgotha I flee,
For there my Ransom died ;
No hope, no hiding-place for me,
But in his bleeding side.

The Lord is my defence,
Beneath his cross I stand ;
Nor death, nor hell shall drive me hence,
Nor pluck me from his hand.

TRIALS BLEST.

"Rejoicing in tribulation."

THE various trials that we meet,
(I speak to them that love the Lord,)
Though bitter now, shall yet be sweet,
And rich experience afford.
Among the "all things" sent of God,
That work together for our good.

These fiery trials owe their birth
To covenant faithfulness and love ;
They serve to wean us from the earth ;
To set the mind on things above :
Then bear with patience, child of God,
The chastenings of a Father's rod.

At times, with David, I can say,
My sore affliction has been right ;
Before it came I went astray,
But now God's word is my delight :
The throne of grace, I valued not,
Is to my soul a hallowed spot.

O Lord, thy love again reveal,
My heart with tender pity melt ;
With true unselfishness to feel
The anguish that the Saviour felt,
When as my surety on the tree,
He bore the pains of hell for me.

How light are all these griefs of mine,
Weighed in a balance just and true ;
When I compare them, Lord, with thine,
They vanish as the early dew :
With sad Gethsemane in sight,
I feel my own afflictions light.

SEEKING CHRIST.

"To whom coming."—**1 PETER, ii. 4.**

GRACIOUS Lord, I do believe,
Help, O help my unbelief;
Sinners lost thou dost receive,
Deign to look on me, the chief.

No fond legal hope have I,
Base backslider as I am;
To thy bleeding wounds I fly,
Precious, sin-atoning Lamb.

Lord, thy favour I entreat,
Cheer me with a gracious smile;
Bless me from thy mercy-seat,
Me, the vilest of the vile.

Just as when at first I came,
Sought and found salvation free ;
Still as leprous and as lame,
Lord, I cast myself on thee.

Blessed Lord, thyself reveal ;
Bear thy witness with my heart ;
Seal me with the Spirit's seal ;
So shall every doubt depart.

Now no longer of the world,
Crucified with Christ, and dead ;
All I want is love unfurled,
As a banner o'er my head.

NOAH'S DOVE.

"And the dove came in to him in the evening, and lo, in her an olive leaf pluckt off."—GEN. VIII. 11.

As Noah's dove, sweet, faithful bird,
Bore to the ark an olive leaf,
So the blest Spirit brings the word,
And seals it in the hour of grief.
In God the saints have ever found
A present help in time of need ;
And as their sufferings here abound,
So consolation is decreed.

When at the first I sought the Lord,
And mercy was my only plea,
How precious was Emmanuel's word,
"I cast out none that come to me

* John vi. 37.

The bleeding, dying Lamb of God,
I saw by faith, and could not doubt :
Peace like a mighty river flowed,
For all my sins were blotted out.

Once when o'erwhelmed with grief and shame,
(That night my soul remembers well,)
An olive leaf of comfort came,
“ Fear not, for I am with thee still.”*
The word was manna to my taste,
I felt relieved of all my load,
“ A hind let loose,” with joyful haste,
I journeyed† on the moonlit road.

Once in the visions of the night,
(And such shall be, the scriptures say,)
A tempest burst upon my sight,
As though it were the judgment day :

* Isaiah xliii. 5. † Walking from W. to H.

While gazing on the fearful scene,
An olive leaf was brought to me ;
And I was tranquil and serene ;—
“ But it shall not come nigh to thee.”*

Again there came a time of grief,
The words of one were scorpion stings ;
When this was as an olive leaf,
“ Men live by these distressing things.”†
I felt its truth, I felt its power,
It fell upon my heart like balm ;
I never can forget that hour,
Its joy, and peace, its heavenly calm.

A standard-bearer in the fight,
One day my heart like wax did melt ;
A moment more and all was right,
Clothed with the Spirit’s power I felt.

* Psalm xci. 7. † Isaiah xxxviii. 16.

The word revived my drooping faith ;
I saw the end of all my strife ;—
“ Fear not, be faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a crown of life.”*

Yea, many times the Lord, in love,
Has visited a worm like me ;
And plucked, and brought like Noah's dove,
A healing leaf from life's fair tree.
Though careless oft, I sometimes mourn,
To find the Comforter away ;
And watch and wait for his return,
As one that watches for the day.

* Rev. ii. 10.

THE TWO-FOLD DEFENCE.

" And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night : for upon all the glory shall be a defence."—Isai. iv. 5.

THE Lord on Zion will create
A cloudy covering to abate
 The burning heat of day ;
A flaming fire that shines by night,
To cheer and guide the pilgrim right,
 While on his homeward way.

In this, as other mysteries,
A hidden vein of wisdom lies,
 Beyond the reach of sense ;
The Spirit's teaching we require,
To comprehend the cloud and fire,
 As coverings for defence.

When God in Christ his love reveals,
And on the heart salvation seals,
We then are truly blest;
Our perfect peace, and love and joy,
Unclouded and without alloy,
Can never be expressed.

But lest of grace the heart grow proud,
Temptation's smoke, affliction's cloud
Obseure the light of day :
With sobered step we journey on,
Leaning for strength on Christ alone,
And learn to watch and pray.

And when, but not without a cause,
The Sun of righteousness withdraws,
And sin, and guilt oppress ;
The Lord some word of comfort sends,
That like a flaming fire defends
From absolute distress.*

* II Cor. iv. 8.

'Tis thus, in prosperous times, to hide
From self-sufficiency and pride,
 Both cloud and smoke conspire :
So God, in adverse, doth prepare,
As a defence against despair,
 A canopy of fire.

Unclouded bliss is not below ;*
Nor yet unmitigated woe ;
 But mingled shade and light :
The word is true Isaiah spoke,
By day we have a cloud and smoke,
 A flaming fire by night.

* I.e. for a continuance.

TASTING THE LORD'S GOODNESS.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good." — PSALM xxxiv. 8.

'Tis when we taste Christ's dying love,
And rich atoning blood,
Blest with an unction from above,
We see the Lord is good.

How kind the message that he sends,
A welcome one to me ;
Drink, my beloved, eat, O friends,
The Gospel feast is free.

So was the heavenly manna sweet,
Though strange, to Israel's taste ;
As, Canaan-bound, with weary feet,
They trod the trackless waste.

Who can describe the ransomed flock,
Oppressed and faint with thirst ;
The joy they felt, when from the rock
They saw the waters burst ?

Though foes assail, and fears surround,
And vex the chosen seed ;
Yet God was with them, and they found
His help in time of need.

My soul has tasted of his love,
When bowed with guilt and grief ;
Through precious words the holy Dove
Has brought to my relief.

Still, as of old, the desert through,
The Spirit brings the word ;
Still manna falleth with the dew,
Sweet emblem of the Lord.

And from the time God first inclined
His ear unto my prayer ;
My soul has proved how good and kind
His providential care.

His love is better far than wine,
It causes me to sing,
“ My precious Jesus, thou art mine ;
“ My Prophet, Priest, and King.”

What heaven proclaims let earth repeat,
Salvation's streams are free ;
And if a taste below is sweet,
Think what must glory be.

THE PERSON AND WORK OF CHRIST.

"Behold the Lamb of God!"

FAIN would I attempt to sing
To the praise of Zion's King ;
Wondrous things I would record,
Touching my most precious Lord :
Loving John shall teach me how,
Child-like, to adore and bow ;
Humbly prostrate at his feet,
Worshipping the Infinite.

Ever be this truth averred,—
Christ is the eternal Word ;
Only wise and mighty God,
Yet allied to flesh and blood.

He, as 't was of old agreed,
Took upon him Abraham's seed ;
Thus identified his own,
Flesh of flesh, and bone of bone.

Adam sinned, and by his fall
Death and ruin brought on all ;
But the second Adam stood,
Wrought the righteousness of God.
See the blessed Virgin's Child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled ;
Born the church's covenant Head,
Born to suffer in her stead.

Meek and lowly in his mien,
Love and mercy may be seen
Beaming in Emmanuel's face,
Full of truth and full of grace.

Christ's obedience to the law,
Spotless and without a flaw,
God's expressed approval won,—
“This is my beloved Son.”

Part II.**SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.**

CAME at length the dreadful hour,
Darkness mustered all its power,
Strove to quench the orb of day,
As at Kedron's brook he lay.
Bulls of Bashan press around,
Madly gore him on the ground ;
Groaning, gasping, there he lies
Singled out for sacrifice.

View the sacred victim seized,—
When will malice be appeased ?
By a blind, infuriate throng,
Lamb-like he is led along.

Christ at Pilate's bar arraigned,
Hell imagined all was gained ;
While the blessed Son of God
Mute before his murderers stood.

Fiendish hate inspired the cry,
“Crucify him, crucify,”
As to Calvary he was borne,
Mangled, bleeding, bruised, and torn.
On the cross Emmanuel see,
Racked and wrung with agony :
Mocked with vinegar and gall,
Crowned with thorns, the sport of all.

What a cup was this to drink !
Well might human nature shrink ;
One so pure, so free from guile,
Ranked with malefactors vile.

Waves and billows o'er him roll,
Horrors overwhelm his soul ;
Slain by wicked hands, but worse,
Called to bear Jehovah's curse.

Hear his agonizing cry,
“ O my Father, tell me why,
Seeing I have honoured thee,
Why hast thou forsaken me ? ”
Strengthened by the Spirit's might,
Death and hell he put to flight ;
“ It is finished,” Jesus cried,
Bowed his head, and conquering died.

Part III.THE BURIAL, RESURRECTION, AND INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

ALL was over, yonder sun
Blushed for shame at what was done ;
Then was not a time for mirth,
Darkness overspread the earth.
When the soldier pierced his side,
(He who saw it testified,)
Blood and water came thereout,
Proof of death beyond a doubt.

Tender hands the corpse conveyed
Where no mortal yet was laid ;
Wrapt in aloes and in myrrh,
Fragrance filled the sepulchre.

Like an infant in the womb,
Jesus slept in Joseph's tomb ;
Till his resurrection birth,
Hailed him Lord of heaven and earth.

On that memorable morn,
Christ's disciples met forlorn ;
Sought him in the hallowed spot,
Mourned because they found him not.
Why this weeping ? why this gloom,
Gazing on an empty tomb ?
Lift up every drooping head,
Christ has risen in your stead.

Pardon shall be now applied,
Since your glorious surety died ;
Righteousness to sinners given,
Your High Priest has entered heaven

Through the veil, and once for all,
Representing great and small :
Such his intercession there,
Israel shall not lose a hair.

Weak believer, rest assured
Christ for thee the cross endured ;
Thy transgression on him laid,
Full atonement he has made.
All who seek his blood applied,
Soon or late are justified ;
With their risen Lord shall reign,
Pure as he from spot or stain.

Fellow-sinner, why despair ?
Lambs are Christ's peculiar care ;
Hangs thy hope on him alone ?
He has marked thee as his own.

Help me to exalt his name,
Though in numbers weak and tame ;
Gracious will he bow his ear,
Be our lisping but sincere.

WELCOME TO THE WATERS.

"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

RICH wine, and milk, and honey
The Gospel stores supply ;
And he that has no money,
May come, and freely buy.

Salvation, like a river
Of living water, flows ;
Ye thirsty, bless the Giver,
Drink, and forget your woes.

Hear the King's proclamation,
"I come to seek the lost ;
"And bring a full salvation
"To sinners, free of cost.

“ My covenant is thy charter,
“ Receive this robe of mine ;
“ And I will take in barter,
“ Poor wretch, those rags of thine.

“ Put on this spotless raiment,
“ Expressly wrought for thee ;
“ Nor dream of price or payment,
“ ’Tis altogether free.”

Thus the dear Lord invites thee,
And dost thou linger still ?
Surely the word delights thee,
“ Come, whosoever will.”

Sweet mercy ne’er refuses
The suppliant at her doors ;
Though full of wounds and bruises,
And putrifying sores.

Then make a full confession,
Fly to the Saviour, fly ;
He'll blot out thy transgression,
As thick clouds from the sky.

The publican and harlot,
God's matchless grace shall know ;
For though their sins be scarlet,
They shall be white as snow.

Then come ye to the waters,
However vile and base ;
For all God's sons and daughters,
Are sinners saved by grace.

PSALM XXIV.

O MAGNIFY the Lord,
The maker of the earth ;
Extol the Incarnate Word
That called it into birth ;
Earth's fulness all believers share,
As one with Christ its rightful heir.

He built it on the seas,
The briny flood its base ;
Upheld by God's decrees,—
And thus it is in grace :
The church is founded on the flood,
The dying Saviour's sweat and bloor'

Who shall ascend the place
 Of God's eternal rest ?
Where Jesus shows his face,
 And smiles on every guest :
The pure in heart, redeemed by blood,
Shall climb the mount, and dwell with God.

His hands are free from stain,
 From perjury he flies ;
He scorns dishonest gain,
 Hypocrisy and lies.
The grace that saves is likewise pure,
And its possessor shall endure.

He shall, and does, receive
 The blessing from the Lord ;
Who gives him to believe,
 And rest upon the word :
His righteousness, without a spot,
The surety of the covenant wrought.



The shout reverberates
To earth's remotest shores ;
Lift up your heads, ye gates,
Ye everlasting doors :
He who has conquered death and sin,
The King of glory, shall come in.

Who is it comes in state,
Compassed with angel-bands ;
And entrance at heaven's gate
So loftily demands ?
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Clothed with a vesture dipped in blood.

Glory to Zion's God,
Redemption work is done ;
The winepress he has trod,
The victory he has won.
Lift up your hearts, ye ransomed, raise
Loud hallelujahs to his praise.

THE POT OF OIL.

II KINGS IV. 1—7.

A CERTAIN man that feared the Lord,
One of the prophet's sons,
To gain the exceeding great reward,
His race with patience runs.

Though poor, he finished well his course,
But left a burdened wife ;
Two sons remained, the last resource
And comfort of her life.

The creditor demanded both ;
The widow wept in vain ;
To part with one her heart was loth,
How could she with the twain ?

The God of Israel heard her cries,
And present help appears ;
Elisha's hand that help supplies,
And wipes away her tears.

He learned, by kind inquiries made,
Her poverty and need ;
One pot of oil was all she had,
A scanty store indeed.

Directed by the Spirit of God,
He told her what to do ;
Bring empty vessels from abroad,
Go, borrow not a few.

When this was done, she took her cruse,
But first she shut the door ;
And then began, with stream profuse,
The precious oil to pour.

The empty vessels, one by one,
Were filled, and set aside ;
“ Bring yet another,” to her son,
With tears of joy she cried.

He trembling and astonished, said
“ Alas ! there are no more :”
The stream of oil that moment stayed,
The miracle was o'er.

The prophet, whom she went to tell,
God's further will expressed ;
To pay thy debt a portion sell,
Live ye upon the rest.

Part II.

THE POT OF OIL.

THESE empty vessels from abroad
Describe the sinner's case ;
Vessels of mercy, taught of God
Their utter need of grace.

To borrow vessels, far and wide,
God bids his servants go :
Till the last empty soul's supplied,
The oil of grace shall flow.

In vain the widow's house we search
With anxious care and toil ;
No real treasure has the church
Save Christ, the pot of oil.

By Christ alone her debt is paid,
On Christ she lives as well ;
Her all-sufficient portion, laid
Beyond the reach of hell.

Both sons, redeemed alike from thrall,
May Jew and Gentile prove ;
One church the mother of us all,
Jerusalem above.

Lord, gather me among the rest,
My empty vessel fill ;
Let me with pardoning love be blest,
And live upon Thee still.

I ask not honour, wealth, or fame,
The favour I request
Is to bring in the blind and lame,
To share the gospel feast.

Poor empty soul, be not dismayed,
But come along with me;
For mark, there's nothing to be paid,
The gift of God is free.

PLEADING GOD'S PROMISE.

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

How lifeless, Lord, am I,
How cold and unconcerned ;
This heart, that seemed a heart of flesh,
To adamant is turned.

I marvel at the change
That o'er my soul has passed ;
Once as the garden of the Lord,
But now a barren waste.

Briers and thorns abound,
The hateful thistle grows ;
Where sometime bloomed the myrtle tree,
The lily and the rose.

Without the precious dew,
The Spirit's quickening rain,
The sower may go forth to sow,
But all will be in vain.

I plead thy promise, Lord,
Look on this desert drear :
When shall the turtle's voice be heard,
When will the flowers appear ?

Come, visit me afresh,
With showers of heavenly grace ;
The wilderness shall then be glad,
And blossom forth apace.

THE LEPER'S CRY.

"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

"Lord, if thou wilt," the leper cried,
"Thou canst a wretch restore :"
"I will, be clean," the Lord replied,
And with the word was power.

They sought, but not a trace was found
Of all the foul disease ;
So shall my health and cure abound,
If the dear Saviour please.

' Speak to my heart the healing word,
Be this the favoured hour ;
And I will bless thee, dearest Lord,
And magnify thy power.

This miracle of grace repeat :
The leper heard thy voice ;
Like him I worship at thy feet,
Bid me like him rejoice.

Cleanse this polluted soul of mine,
Remove its load of guilt ;
All power in heaven and earth is thine,
Thou canst, Lord, if thou wilt.

CHASTISEMENT.

PSALM LXXXIX. 30—33.

“If my children turn aside,
“Trample on my righteous laws ;
“Give the rein to lust and pride,
“Heedless how they wound my cause,
“I, the sin-avenging God,
“Warn them what they must expect ;
“Soon or late a scourging rod,
“Though they are my own elect.”

O, my soul, of sin beware ;
As a scorpion it will sting ;
Flee the fowler’s treacherous snare,
Touch not the accursed thing.

Think not sowing to the flesh
May be sanctioned or excused :
Christ is crucified afresh
When his grace is thus abused.

Rambling sheep, and silly doves,
May be found in life's fair book ;
But remember, whom he loves,
God will chasten and rebuke.
Faint not, nor despise the stroke
Sent in faithfulness and love ;
Better bear the heaviest yoke,
Rather than a bastard prove.

Art thou filled with shame and grief,
Darkness, bondage, guilt, and fear ?
Yet the Lord, for thy relief,
Surely shall at length appear.

God his covenant will not break :
Has he said ? it shall be done :
Though he scourge, he will not take
Lovingkindness from a son.

Needless suffering here below
Never yet was Israel's lot :
God is love, and love, we know,
Willingly afflicteth not.
Meekly bow and and kiss the rod ;
Cleave to Christ the sinner's friend ;
Justify the ways of God, *
Love, and bless Him to the end.

THE TRUE PENITENT.

At Simon's request,
Our Master and Lord
Sat down as a guest,
To eat at his board ;
The high and the holy
With sinners conversed ;
He came, meek and lowly,
And sought out the worst.

A woman stole in,
We know not her name,
Deep branded by sin,
And covered with shame :

No word need be spoken
To add to her grief ;
Already heart-broken,
Of sinners the chief.

Behind him she crept,
(But how her heart beat,)
She stooped as she wept,
And kissed his dear feet :
Sweet spikenard most precious
Upon them she poured ;
In love to her gracious,
Adorable Lord.

The Pharisee's pride
Was roused at the sight ;
He inwardly cried,
This cannot be right :

A prophet would know her,
A woman so base ;
None ever sank lower
In sin and disgrace.

The Lord answered, Nay,
Thou judgest amiss ;
I somewhat would say
To Simon on this :
Thou scornfully smilest,
A sinner to see ;
Yea, one of the vilest,
Accepted by me.

Two debtors suppose,
Both equally poor :
One fifty pence owes,
The other much more :

His debt was five hundred,
Enormous the sum,
And sighing, he pondered
On what was to come.

The creditor sued,
And brought them to books ;
Then how matters stood,
He read in their looks :
Touched by their condition,
He, in his own name,
Wrote out a remission,
And cancelled the claim.

O who can conceive
The gladness they felt !
Such grace to receive,
A Stoic would melt :

Both pardoned together,
While neither may boast,
The question is whether
Will love him the most ?

Then Simon confessed,
Forgiveness's seal,
The deeper impressed,
The deeper men feel.
The Lord said, Thy sentence
The facts fully prove ;
This woman's repentance
Is deep as her love.

Invited to dine,
I came as thy guest ;
Yet was there no sign
Of welcome expressed :

But she, without ceasing,
My presence doth greet ;
Anointing, caressing,
And kissing my feet.

Nor is it the fruit
Of empty display ;
True grace is its root,
And therefore I say,
She loves me, if any,
This proves beyond doubt,
Her sins, which are many,
Are all blotted out.

The penitent heard
With joyful surprise ;
And drank in each word,
With tear-glistening eyes :

The Saviour addressed her,
“Thy sins are forgiven;”
Dismissed her, and blest her,
A daughter of heaven.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

THE Rock of Ages I would sing,
My God, my Saviour, and my King ;
The firm foundation of my soul,
Though winds may beat, and billows roll.

My Rock is Christ, the mighty God,
Who in the flesh the winepress trod ;
He bare my sins, in love to me,
In his own body on the tree.

His glorious righteousness divine
Is made by imputation mine ;
His holy life, without a flaw,
My true obedience to the law.

My surety, bathed in sweat and gore,
The Father's righteous vengeance bore ;
For all my sins upon him laid
His death full satisfaction made.

Salvation is in Christ alone ;
This is the Rock I rest upon ;
My only refuge and retreat,
The blood-besprinkled mercy-seat.

All glory to the God of grace,
That gave my soul this hiding-place ;
Against a hope within the veil
The gates of hell shall not prevail.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without ?

ART thou a sinner, captive bound,
Yet longing to be free ?
Hark to the Gospel's joyful sound,
It speaks to such as thee.

It tells thee of the love of God
To sinners vile and lost ;
That Christ, by his atoning blood,
Saves to the uttermost.

Hast thou no works of righteousness ?
It welcomes thee without :
“ Come unto me,” the Saviour says,
“ I will not cast thee out.”

Though thou art blind, and lame, and poor,
Defiled throughout by sin ;
Still knock and wait at mercy's door,
The Lord will take thee in.

Do not despair, but seek and strive
According to the word ;
The time to bless thee will arrive,
And thou shalt know the Lord.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

"That I may know him—the fellowship of his sufferings."

THERE is a blessing I would share
With all the favoured sons of God ;
It is to see Emmanuel bear,
For me, the sin-avenging rod.

Like a lone dove that mourns its mate,
So would I sorrow o'er the Lord ;
His holy soul made desolate,
Accursed of God, by man abhorred.

I'd fly to sad Gethsemane,
And view him bathed in sweat of blood ;
I'd flutter round the sacred tree,
And own him as my dying God.

For I have known what 'tis to feel
The rapturous joy of sins forgiven ;
Dear Lord, thy love again reveal,
And let me taste the bliss of heaven.

Let mingled feelings, discord sweet,
Of joy and grief to me be given ;
Grief that I pierced those hands and feet,
And joy that I am thus forgiven.

My soul is lost in love and praise,
While with astonishment I see
The Ancient of eternal days
Become a worm, and die for me.

ELIJAH AND THE RAVENS.

To Cherith's distant brook
Elijah's steps are bent;
An unfrequented nook,
But thither he is sent:
Safe from oppression's iron rod,
He holds communion with his God.

Methinks I see him look
Well pleased with his retreat;
The Lord has blessed the brook,
And made its waters sweet:
God's blessing can and will refine,
And turn the water into wine.



The ravens bring him food,
By God's direction led ;
Their constant flight renewed,
They come with flesh and bread ;
Morning and evening, day by day,
Their burden at his feet they lay.

At length the drought prevails,
The little brook is dry ;
Elijah's spirit fails,
He sees destruction nigh :
God speaks, To Zidon's coasts repair,
A widow shall sustain thee there.

God ever will supply
The objects of his love ;
He bids the raven fly,
Or sends the gentle dove :
What he commands them that they do,
And bring both food and raiment too.

Cheer up, desponding saints,
His providence and grace
Will banish your complaints,
As in Elijah's case :

Long as the sun and moon endure,
Your bread and water shall be sure.

ADULLAM'S CAVE.

BURDENED with debt and much distressed,
By sin and Satan sorely pressed ;
To David's mystic cave I flee,
Fit refuge for a wretch like me.

Adullam ! name for ever dear,
To souls opprest with guilt and fear ;
In thee the weary find repose,
Secure amidst ten thousand foes.

Here God's anointed holds his court,
And hither motley groups resort ;
For all that come, and entrance crave,
He kindly welcomes to the cave.

His word of grace is full and free,—
Ye heavy laden, come to me ;
My pardoning mercy, free of cost,
Is for the guilty, vile, and lost.

Ye discontented slaves of sin,
Be not afraid, but venture in ;
Adullam your asylum see ;
Once cross its threshold, you are free.

Bankrupts and needy beggars flock
To David's hold within the rock ;
Repenting prodigals are there,
Brought from the borders of despair.

Sore vexed, no doubt, was Saul to see
His disaffected subjects flee,
To shelter under David's wing,
And own him as their Lord and King.

Thus Satan rages at the loss
His kingdom suffers from the cross ;
While Christ attests his power to save,
And gathers all the Father gave.

THE LEPER.

WITHOUT the camp, condemned to roam
 In hopeless misery and disgrace ;
 Thrust from the dear delights of home,
 The leper sought to hide his face.

With covered lip, “ Unclean, unclean,”
 Such was his constant, doleful cry ;
 “ Would God that I had never been ;
 “ I cannot live, how can I die !”

In vain to find a case like this
 We search from Beersheba to Dan ;
 What grief can be compared to his ?
 Gehenna’s * fires consume the man.

* The Greek word for hell.



The wilderness ~~is~~ lone resort ;
Its rocks resound with his complaints ;
He cannot with the world consort—
He would, but dares not, with the saints.

'Tis thus when God designs to bless,
He brings the leprosy to view ;
Plunges the sinner in distress,
Eternal wrath his righteous due.

God bends his bow, and bids the word—
An arrow to the conscience—fly ;
The stricken deer forsakes the herd,
And seeks some covert there to die.

But was the leper left to die,
To sink and perish in despair ?
No ; for the time of love drew nigh,
The Son of David met him there.

He cast a kind and pitying' eye
On the poor wretch, bowed down with guilt;
His bowels melted at the cry,
“Lord, thou canst cleanse me if thou wilt.”

The Saviour answered with a touch,
And gave the health-restoring word :
If one much favoured loveth much,
Surely this leper loves the Lord.

But who that knows can e'er repeat
The rapture of a soul thus blest ?
He clasped his dear Deliverer's feet,
While gushing tears relieved his breast.

His wish bewrayed a love sincere,
That he might with the Master dwell ;
But Jesus bade him tarry here,
And far and wide the story tell.

This was a hard, though pleasing task,
Laid on the leper by his Lord ;
Then did he one more favour ask,
“Lord, help thy worm and bless the word.”

FILLING UP OF AFFLICTIONS.

"And fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ."

I WOULD receive the Saviour's cup,
Submit and be resigned ;
And help to fill the measure up
Of what remains behind.

Affliction is the daily lot
Of all the chosen seed ;
To bear the cross, and murmur not,
Is to be blest indeed.

But often to my grief I find
The contrary within ;
A discontented carnal mind,
Whose only fruit is sin.

Rebellion frets and struggles hard
Against the ways of God ;
While pride and folly disregard
The teachings of the rod.

But when the Lord returns again,
And sheds abroad his love,
I feel a sweet submission then,
And all God's will approve.

Then like the peaceful sheep that crops
The tender grass around,
I feed upon the word that drops,
Like manna, on the ground.

Yes, I would take the cup, and say,
Dear Lord, I am content ;
Since all I meet with by the way,
In love to me is sent.

SALVATION BY GRACE.

"By grace ye are saved."

GRACE is the burden of my song,
I fain would sing it all day long ;
But soon, alas, I flag and tire,
And faith seems ready to expire.

My heart grows cold, my conscience hard ;
I seem almost of hope debarred ;
My soul from head to foot unclean,
A viler wretch was never seen.

'Tis covenant love, and blood and grace,
Alone can reach my desperate case ;
And more than ever now I see,
If grace be mine it must be free.

Necessity constrains me how
Before the mercy-seat to bow ;
Guilty and helpless, self-abhorred,
I cast myself upon the Lord.

My refuge is the Incarnate God,
For He alone the wine-press trod ;
In Him the Father is well pleased,
The law fulfilled, and wrath appeased.

And when the Spirit shines within,
And testifies that Christ is mine,
My title clear I then can trace
To all the treasures of his grace.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

"O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest."

My restless corruptions are strong,
They grieve me by night and by day ;
Afflicted and tempted, I long
For wings that might bear me away.
I strive, but my efforts are vain,
To fly like a bird from the snare ;
A captive, the clank of my chain
Possesses a charm in my ear.

The follies of earth, I lament,
Around my affections entwine ;
Nor will corrupt nature consent
To part with these idols of mine.

I long for my Saviour to purge
His temple polluted with sin ;
To come as a smiter and scourge
These buyers and sellers within.

Such chastenings are painful to bear ;
I know it, but this I desire,
If needful, that grace would prepare,
By bringing through flood and through fire,
My soul to inherit a land
Of peace and perfection above ;
The least of its glorified band,
But holy and happy in love.

BACKSLIDING ISRAEL.

"Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings."

BACKSLIDING Israel, filled with grief,
With fear, and shame, and unbelief,
Thy God still hears and answers prayer,
And saves the lost, then why despair ?

Thy sin, as Jonah's in the sea,
A millstone round thy neck may be ;
Yet take the course the prophet took,
And once more toward the temple look.

Thy fearful guilt, of crimson hue,
The blood of Christ can blot from view ;
Wash white as snow its deepest stains,
For sovereign grace triumphant reigns.

But Israel cries, “ It cannot be ;—
“ Such mercy is not meant for me ;
“ For I have long insulted God,
“ And slighted his avenging rod :

“ Sinned against light, and love, and blood,
“ Done all the evil that I could ;
“ Despised his word, abused his grace,
“ How can I dare to show my face ?”

Yet, notwithstanding, saith the Lord,
Return to me, thou self-abhorred ;
And I my Spirit will impart,
And bless thee with a contrite heart.

Yea, all my ransomed shall return,
And look on me they pierced, and mourn ;
And be in bitterness as one
That mourneth for an only son.

For I will pardon, and restore
The comforts Israel had before ;
And each this wondrous tale shall tell,
“ He brought me from the depths of hell.”

ALL IS VANITY.

"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

VANITY and trouble,
Such is carnal mirth ;
Bursting like a bubble,
Almost at its birth ;
An airy nothing—prized by children of the earth.

Wisdom counts it madness
Thus to play the fool ;
Calls to grief and sadness,
In the Saviour's school ;
A sense of sin and guilt,—its first essential rule.

Contrite hearts and broken,
Tremblers at the word,
What the Lord has spoken
Have ye never heard?

The proud shall be abased, the humble be preferred.

Infinitely better
All forlorn to dwell,
Like a captive debtor,
Brooding in his cell;

Than, with the thoughtless crowd, go dancing
down to hell.

Said I not of laughter,
With the gay and glad,
Heedless of hereafter,
Surely it is mad?

My soul, be thou content, if with the righteous sad.

Blest are Zion's mourners,
Favourites of the King,
Gathered from all corners,
Incense sweet they bring ;
And oft their choicest notes in saddest hours they
sing.

When the heart is broken,
And the spirit bowed,
Sweet is Noah's token—
Peace it speaks aloud ;
While yet the big drops fall, God's bow is in the
cloud.

One there is acquainted
With the mourner's lot ;
Else their soul had fainted,
Desolate, forgot ;
He shows his hands and side, and bids them sorrow
not.

Marvel not, ye tempted,
 Harassed by the foe ;
None may be exempted,
 Zion's records show ;
Hell's fiery darts are hurled at every saint
 below.

Trials are appointed,
 Losses, crosses, cares ;
These the Lord's Anointed
 With his people shares ;
In all the griefs they feel, a part the Saviour
 bears.

View your warfare ended,
 With your Captain one ;
One with Christ ascended,
 Seated on his throne :
O'er sin, and death, and hell, the victory he has
 won.

Earth is all disorder,
Empty, waste, and void ;
But in Canaan's border
Peace shall be enjoyed ;
The curse, sin's bitter fruit, eternally destroyed.

THE TRUE SABBATH.

"For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his."

How sweet the transitory hour,
The moment of repose,
When from the cross the Saviour bids
Our fleshly labours close.

This is the Sabbath of the soul,
The banquet of the bride;
And gladly she partakes the feast,
Her Sovereign by her side.

He leapeth o'er the mountain tops,
His loved one to embrace :
The mountain barriers of her guilt
No hindrance to his grace.

One with the Lord by living faith,
With sweet communion blest ;
We cease from our own righteousness,
And enter into rest.

But O—how short a time remain
These Sabbaths of the soul ;
Away—like summer showers they fly,
Heedless of man's control.

At times how desolate we feel,
An absent God we mourn ;
We sigh and think of former days
And long for his return.

As one that watches for the day,
So I await the hour
Appointed by my blessed Lord,
To come again with power.

THE EARTH AN EMBLEM.

"And hangeth the earth upon nothing."

"For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts."

ESTRANGED from God, and like the earth,
When all was chaos, all was night,
My soul was quickened into birth,
And called from darkness into light.
In vain did death and hell oppose ;
"Let there be light," Jehovah said :
The Sun of righteousness arose,
And all the powers of darkness fled.

The ponderous earth obeys the Lord,
And hangs secure in empty space,
Upheld by his Almighty word,
And thus I find it is in grace :

No power have I, no earthly prop,
 No might or merit of my own ;
Nothing in self to bear me up,
 Sustained and kept by God alone.

And as the earth, from year to year,
 Revolving tracks her destined way,
Seasons and times by turns appear,
 Summer and winter, night and day.
Then why should I account it strange,
 If, while I sojourn here below,
I meet with nought but constant change,
 As tides successive ebb and flow.

Without the sun the earth is dark,
 And so am I without my God ;
Not mine the glow-worm's self-fed spark,
 That nightly glistens on the sod :

Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
Fountain of light and every good,
Dispel the darkness from my skies,
And shed thy light and love abroad.

PLEADING WITH CHRIST.

LAMB of God, enthroned in glory,
Trembling to thy cross I flee;
O! reveal its wondrous story,
Didst thou bleed and die for me ?
Helpless, Lord, I fall before thee,
Poor and needy, vile and base ;
Send an answer, I implore thee,
Full of truth and full of grace.

'Tis necessity that urges—
Drives me to Thee, Lamb of God ;
Nought I know the conscience purges,
But thy all-atoning blood.

When for sin thy soul was smitten,
Tell me, was it, Lord, for mine?
Is my name, so worthless, written
In that precious book of thine?

While I thus with Christ was pleading,
Suddenly deliverance came;
On the cross I saw Him bleeding,
Bearing all my guilt and shame.
Cleansed by blood, the Spirit brought me
Spotless raiment, white as snow;
Wrought and finished,* ere He bought me,
By the Son of God below.

Thus doth boundless love receive me,
Wretched, guilty, black as hell;
Brethren, do ye now believe me,
This salvation suits me well:

* John xvii. 4.

Ask the Spirit to apply it,
Ye who seek the Saviour's face ;
He has bade the needy buy it,
Not with money, but of grace.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

"O my God, my soul is cast down within me."

How long, O Lord, shall I
This gloomy valley tread ;
No seeming outlet nigh,
My joys and comforts fled.
I think of former days and mourn,
While looking for my Lord's return.

My guilty fears are great ;
My heart-wounds deep and sore ;
I would, but cannot wait,
As once, at mercy's door.
In vain I cry and shout aloud,
God's throne is covered with a cloud.

Once more, my God, to thee,
Out of the depths I call ;
Thy mercy is my plea,
And Christ my all in all.
And canst thou utterly forsake
A soul that pleads for Jesus' sake ?

Near to a dangerous coast,
While fierce temptations blow,
My little bark is tossed,
And staggers to and fro ;
No sign—I see, no star to trace
The bearings of the port of grace.

But why art thou cast down,
My poor distracted soul ?
The heavens above may frown,
The waves beneath may roll :
And yet thy anchor, once secure,
Within the veil, abideth sure.

The Lord pursues his way
In darkness as in light;
His path is in the sea;
He plants his footsteps right.
The end shall prove, and thou shalt tell,
Thy God has ordered all things well.

THE HEART A TROUBLED SEA.

"But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

THE prophet's word applies to me,
When speaking of the heart ;
For mine is like the troubled sea,
That casts up mire and dirt.

Like mud below corruption lurks,
Unseen awhile it lies ;
But soon it shows itself, and works
When storms of trial rise.

If injured self be in the case,
Anger and pride appear ;
"I would not suffer this disgrace,"
Is whispered in my ear.

Envy and covetousness too,
With mire of hateful lust,
Hide peace and comfort from my view,
And fill me with distrust.

Should Providence obscure my sky,
And vex this treacherous sea,
Rebellion rises to reply,
And questions God's decree.

These are the things that cause my fears,
And strengthen unbelief;
And only when the Lord appears
My conscience finds relief.

Lord, plant thy foot upon the wave,
And bid my fears depart;
Art thou not mighty still to save?
I know, dear Lord, thou art.



A single word—a look from Thee—
Accompanied with power,
Will set at rest this troubled sea,
And perfect peace restore.

BURIED WITH HIM IN BAPTISM.

THE death of Christ, my soul,
And you, his people, sing ;
Behold the waters roll,
And overwhelm your King :
His soul in floods of sorrow sinks,
While he the cup of trembling drinks.

“ For whom,” the sinner cries,
“ Did Christ the cross endure ? ”
For wounded souls that prize
The Good Physician’s cure.
I tell you, O that God may too,
Ye sin-sick souls, he died for you.

Ye leprous, blind, and lame,
Whose case gets worse and worse,
For you the Saviour came,
And bore God's awful curse ;
For you that seek his blood applied,
He suffered, groaned, and bled, and died.

May we thy word obey,
And to thy sceptre bow ;
We own we are but clay,
The Potter, Lord, art thou.
Help us to follow through the flood,
The Lord baptised in sweat and blood.

NOT DAY NOR NIGHT.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark :

"But it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

STRANGE lot for Israel here,
Perplexity and strife ;
Not day nor night, not dark nor clear,
The pilgrim's hidden life.

Some favoured souls below
Are freed from slavish fear ;
Their interest in the Lord they know,
And read their title clear.

But oft in Meshech's land
The pilgrim gropes his way ;
Thick clouds, he cannot understand,
Obscure the light of day.

With weary step, and slow,
Yet persevering still,
He asks the way that he must go
To Zion's holy hill.

His humble walk reveals
The root of godly fear ;
And if but little love he feels,
That little is sincere.

At times, amidst his fears,
A hope-inspiring ray
Shines on his troubled soul, and cheers
His solitary way.

He meets with dire assaults,
Is bruised with many a fall,
And Satan whispers while he halts,
“ Better abandon all.”

“ Is thy experience right,

“ Stamped with the genuine mark ?

“ Thy day, is it intensely bright,

“ The night intensely dark ?

“ What depths hast thou been in,

“ What heights with blessed Paul ?

“ Where is thy victory over sin ?

“ Thou hast no grace at all.”

This onslaught of the foe

Takes Israel by surprise ;

He reels and staggers at the blow,

But strengthened he replies :—

I own my guilt and shame,

And feel it to my cost ;

But, thanks to God, Christ Jesus came

To seek and save the lost.

And since for sinners base,
Emmanuel shed his blood ;
May I not look to find a place
Among the sons of God.

My hope is in the Lamb,
I have no other plea ;
Lord Jesus, take me as I am,
I cast myself on thee.

The tempter quits his prey,
The Comforter appears ;
The pilgrim's doubts have passed away,
And hushed are all his fears.

And O ! with what delight
He hears the Saviour say,
At evening time it shall be light,
Then everlasting day.

Thy present path, though rough,
Is by my wisdom planned ;
Let it suffice thee, 'tis enough,
Thy times are in my hand.

THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

"Yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked."

I HAVE but to think of my sin,
If secretly tempted to boast ;
To glance for a moment within,
To count myself worse than the lost :
For if not to others, to me
These words of the prophet apply,
Constrained in my conscience to see,
That Tamar's more righteous than I.

The rest are ungodly, alas !
And justly condemned they will be,
But the sins of God's chosen surpass ;
My brethren, it is so with me.

For mine are enormous I own,
Like mountains that reach to the sky ;
I feel while I inwardly groan,
The greatest of sinners am I.

My soul has been richly supplied,
Anointed and blest from above ;
Been brought by the King as his bride,
To the banqueting house of his love.
But O, my returns have been base,
Yea, such as compel me to cry,
With shame and confusion of face,
The vilest of sinners am I.

The heathen are partly excused,
They know not the love of the Lord ;
They cannot, as I, have abused
His kindness, or slighted his word.

The guilt of an alien is less,
A friend's is far deeper in dye;
With my mouth in the dust I confess,
The blackest of sinners am I.

"I AM AS A WONDER UNTO MANY."

A WONDER to the world,
Himself the Psalmist knew ;
And so are all, who Jesus call
Jehovah Tzidkenu : *

That Jacob should bemoan
His faithlessness with tears ;
Yet trust in God, and kiss the rod,
A paradox appears.

Though destitute of power,
And in himself a worm ;
Made strong in faith, all things he saith,
Through Christ I can perform.

* The Lord our righteousness.

Sinful, he has no sin ;

Polluted, he is pure :

The worldly wise this truth despise,

Nor doctrine such endure.

Though black as Kedar's tents,

Contemptible and mean ;

Christ's spouse is fair, as curtains rare,

In Salem's temples seen.

Defiled throughout by sin,

From head to foot unsound ;

Yet free from blot, or stain, or spot,

In the dear Surety found.

A glorious righteousness,

My faith receives in him ;

A garment rich, compared with which

An angel's robe is dim.

And when upon the cross
My dying Lord I see ;
The worldling's jeer, and scornful sneer,
Have little weight with me.

If we would follow Christ,
Reproach we must expect ;
For while below, it is we know,
The lot of God's elect.

Be comforted, my soul,
The day will break ere long ;
These shadows flee, and then shall be
The everlasting song.

THE PILGRIM'S PATH.

" He led them by a right way to a city of habitation "

DARK and devious is the path
Zion's pilgrims first pursue;
Fleeing the Avenger's wrath,
Hell's undying death in view.

Sinai's awful thunders roll,
Clouds and darkness veil the sky;
Sunk in bitterness of soul,
" God be merciful," they cry.

With the Spirit's teachings come
Quickening beams of heavenly light,
Piercing through the fearful gloom,
Nature's thick, Egyptian night.

Led to Calvary's cleansing flood,
Here their legal strivings cease ;
Through the Lamb's atoning blood,
Blest with pardon and with peace.

Truth and mercy have in Christ,
As the dying Surety, met ;
Law and justice are sufficed,
Cancelled is the guilty debt.

Zion's pilgrims now rejoice,
Journeying through the wilderness ;
Listening to Emmanuel's voice,
Heard in all the promises.

But the Lord the righteous tries,
Satan's fiery darts affright ;
Clouds of sin and sorrow rise,
Hide the Saviour from their sight.

Wandering, as without a Guide,
Tempted sore that all is wrong ;
Foes and fears on every side,
Wearily they drag along.

Now they find the desert drear,
Faint and footsore and opprest ;
Frequent starts the glistening tear,
Ere they reach the promised rest.

But, desponding pilgrims, rise,
Gird your loins, and face your foes ;
Brush the tear-drop from your eyes,
Few and brief are earthly woes,

When contrasted with the joys
Kept in store for you above ;
Children of the Father's choice,
Heirs of everlasting love.

Though a lonesome, rugged path,
Be appointed for your lot ;
Rescued from eternal wrath,
Mourning pilgrims, murmur not.

Fret not ; but rejoice in this :
Every trial, sent in love,
Serves but to enhance the bliss,
Now prepared for you above.

CHRIST EXALTED.

"Sing praises unto our God ; sing praises."

A SERAPH's tongue would fail to tell
The glories of Emmanuel ;
The Holy Ghost alone can trace
His person, love, and blood, and grace.

Behold Him, God's eternal Son,
In essence with the Father, one ;
To save His bride from sin and woe,
Veiled in the flesh, he dwelt below.

When to the cross I lift my eyes,
There hangs the bleeding sacrifice ;
The spotless Lamb made sin I see,
And cursed of God, for worthless me.

Grace from His lips abundant flows,
And deserts blossom as the rose ;
His words restore, where'er they come,
The blind, the halt, the deaf, the dumb.

His love, surpassing human thought,
By paltry words can ne'er be bought ;
Beyond all price, and yet so free,
Wonder, O ! heavens, bestowed on me.

Had I a heart and tongue of flame,
I could not half extol His name ;
Ten thousand thousand harps of gold
Would leave Emmanuel's praise untold.

ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

THE spirit has left its frail cottage of clay,
A convoy of angels conducting the way ;
He has entered that city of which we are told
That its gates are of pearl and its pavement of gold.

With a crown on his brow, and a palm in his hands,
A conqueror, and more than a conqueror, he stands ;
But who his unspeakable bliss can compute,
For he harps with a harp that shall never be mute.

A little we know of the song that he sings,
For we heard him essay it while pluming his wings ;
He lisped it among us, ere taking his flight
To the church of the first-born, the children of
light.

'Twas of love everlasting, immutable, free,
That first shone on a worm so unworthy as he;
And the blood of the Lamb, he delighted to tell,
Had absolved him from sin and redeemed him from
hell.

The strains were immortal, though mingled with
earth,
And he struggled with weakness in giving them
birth ;
But now he partakes of that fulness of joy,
Where the wine has no mixture, the gold no
alloy.

Nor sickness, nor sorrow, nor bondage, nor fears,
Nor sin that has ravaged this valley of tears,
Shall ever intrude on the ransomed above,
Arrayed in white robes, and made perfect in love.

No night shall be there, nor a cloud intervene,
While the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall
 be seen;
But the glories of heaven are beyond all compare,
For what heart can conceive of the blessedness
 there!

LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

"Now, men see not the bright light which is in the cloud ; but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."

WHILE gazing on the cloud
That gathers o'er my head,
Dark thoughts within me crowd,
And fill my soul with dread.
My heart anticipates the worst,
Some fearful storm about to burst.

But, O ! how good and kind,
How faithful and how true,
Is He who leads the blind
In paths they never knew.
He goes before, and makes a way,
Turns grief to joy, and night to day.

The sky above me clears,
The cloud is cleft in twain,
And the bright light appears
I looked for long in vain.
The Spirit's breath the veil removes,
And now the curse a blessing proves.

God's covenant stands firm,
In all things ordered well ;
But I am such a worm,
So weak, I cannot tell ;
A leaf or straw, if in my way,
Disturbs—nay, fills me with dismay.

My help is in the Lord,
And in the Lord alone ;
The Spirit gives the word,
He speaks, and it is done.
Each cloud, each obstacle he clears,
And puts to flight a thousand fears.

CHRIST THE FIR-TREE.

" I am like a green fir-tree : from me is thy fruit found."

BE not dismayed, worm Jacob, though
Thy guilt and grief abound ;
The Lord afflicts thee thus, to show
From Him thy fruit is found.

Why toil in vain, and dig and dress
Old Nature's barren ground ;
Christ is the sinner's righteousness,
From Him thy fruit is found.

Though thou art leprous and unclean,
From head to foot unsound,
Thy fir-tree's leaf is fresh and green ;
From Him thy fruit is found.

Dost thou lament thy want of fruit?
Do slavish fears abound?
Behold the branch from David's root;
From Him thy fruit is found.

Fear not, though terrible the strife
Of hell and earth around;
They cannot touch the Tree of Life,
From Him thy fruit is found.

The Gospel trumpet now is blown,
Hark to its joyful sound!
Salvation is in Christ alone,
From Him thy fruit is found.

JOHN'S BAPTISM.

To AEnon behold
The people repair ;
For, as we are told,
Much water was there :
Nor is it surprising,
When such was the case,
That John, for baptising,
Selected this place.

Disciples he made,
By preaching the word ;
And numbers obeyed,
And followed the Lord :

They marked the example
Christ set to the just ;
Nor dared they to trample
His laws in the dust.

The soul that believes,
Baptised in his name,
Salvation receives,
And honours the Lamb :
The Spirit has taught us
His statutes are good ;
Who loved us, and bought us,
The price, his heart's blood.

To Christians belong
Reproach and contempt ;
And something is wrong,
If we are exempt :

The church draws upon her
Earth's hatred and scorn ;
But this is her honour,
To this she was born.

Then be not ashamed
To follow the Lord ;
Though by the world blamed,
Or even abhorred :
Be faithful and fervent,
Adhere to the word ;
Enough for the servant
To be as his Lord.

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

PILGRIMS ! why tread ye in sorrow and gloom,
Pensive and weary, your path to the tomb,
Faltering your footsteps, and self-ward your eyes,
Looking for comfort from thence to arise?

Dream not of creature-perfection on earth,
Gold free from dross, in the mine of its birth ;
Only the furnace of death can destroy
Carnal corruption, this time-state alloy.

Sin for His ransomed ones Christ has become,
Cancelled their debts, though enormous the sum ;
Groaned in Gethsemane, died on the tree,
Moved by a mercy as boundless as free.

Drink ye the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Pierced that His people full pardon might gain :
Waters of mercy are opened for you,
Daily poor sinners your strength to renew.

Darkly and dismally Jordan may roll,
Striking with terror the stoutest of soul ;
Yet the most fearful shall find that its flood
Sleepeth becalmed when besprinkled with blood.

Spirit of pardon, and Spirit of peace !
Faith in the hearts of thy children increase !
Give to the thirsty salvation's sweet waters,
Comfort thy sons and disconsolate daughters.

Breath of Omnipotence ! this be the hour—
Thine is dominion, and glory, and power ;
Thine the prerogative—Spirit of grace—
Darkness and doubt from thy children to chase.

" I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

PRECIOUS Messiah ! beloved of the Father,
Casting the crown of thy glory aside ;
Shepherd of Israel ! descending to gather
Gentiles and Jews, whom thy love hath allied.

Blended as one in the councils eternal,
Safe was thy flock in the fold of thy arms ;
Raised by thy sufferings to pleasure supernal,
Freed from all harassing, earthly alarms.

What ! could we render a seraph's devotion,
Onward through ages, a fountain to flow !
Paltry repayment ; a drop to the ocean !
Recompense never can homage bestow.

Cold as the iceberg, in nature's fast fetters,
Torpor entwin'd us with deadly embrace,
Rescued, we rose, but our souls remained debtors
Solely to sov'reign, unmerited grace.

Love to the lost is the source of the fountain
Whence the sweet waters of life ever flow ;
River of rivers ! through Calvary's mountain,
Washing the vilest far whiter than snow.

CAPTIVITY TO THE LAW OF SIN.

ROMANS viii. 23.

SIN ! thou poisoner of my peace,
When will thy rebellion cease ;
When wilt thou enfeebled lie,
Gasping forth thy latest sigh ?

Since I joined the Hebrew band,
Journeying far from Egypt's land,
Seeking Canaan's promised shore,
Thou hast vexed me ever more ;

Fought and proved thyself a foe,
Fiercer than the fiends below ;
Hurled thy deadliest darts at me,
Wantoned in my misery.

Must my spirit ever be,
Harassed while on earth by thee ?
Groaning, struggling for release,
Shall her warfare never cease ?

Gladly would I yield my breath,
Victim to the stroke of death ;
Thy destruction to obtain,
O, thou source of all my pain !

This ere long shall be my case,
Loved eternally of grace,
Crowned with Christ in ages past,
Victory shall be mine at last.

"BE NOT PROUD."**JEREMIAH xiii. 15.**

THIS curious piece of clay
Will soon be in its shroud :
The worms will have it for their prey,
Then why should I be proud ?

Am I, an earthly clod,
By grace or gifts endowed ;
The praise belongs alone to God,
Then why should I be proud ?

In Christ, my master's school,
Boasting is not allowed :
Then let my heart obey the rule,
For why should I be proud ?

Meekness becomes a worm ;
This heart may well be bowed ;
Here lurks of every sin the germ,
Then why should I be proud ?

My sins are all my own,
Though they be disallowed :
My refuge is in Christ alone,
Then why should I be proud ?

Have I been singled forth,
Free grace to shout aloud ;
To pour contempt on human worth,
Still why should I be proud ?

Let glory to the Lamb,
Sincerely be avowed :
I am by mercy, what I am,
Then why should I be proud ?

“ LOOK NOT UPON ME BECAUSE I AM BLACK.”

Look not on me, more black with sin
Than Kedar's tents of old ;
Yea, hell itself, I feel within,
Less blackness would unfold.

Look not on me, by nature base,
Polluted and defiled,
The offspring of a sinful race,
My heart so hard and wild.

Look not on me, but look on One
Whose righteousness is mine ;
Jehovah's pure and spotless Son,
All perfect and divine.

Look not on me; though black as hell,
My bondsman He became;
On me His love and pity fell,
When cursed and put to shame.

Look not on me, but look on Christ,
In Him I stand complete;
His precious blood hath well sufficed,
For heaven to make me meet.

" UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS."

DEAR LORD ! I love thy precious name,
And would with all my heart adore !
O ! fan my longings to a flame,
That I may love thee more and more.

There's nought below compared with thee,
All here is empty, void, and waste ;
May I but thy salvation see,
More sweet than honey to my taste.

I seek acceptance all of grace,
Of legal striving sick and tired ;
Convinced that mine's a helpless case,
If creature merit be required.

172 "UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS."

But, no ! it is not, 'tis of faith,
And that a gift divinely free ;
Hear what the dear Redeemer saith,
" Poor helpless sinner, look to me."

THE WEARY WAY.

WHEN left in darkness to pursue
Life's thorny path, we feel anew,
From time to time, inclined to say,
“This is a lonesome, weary way.”

When casting off the Gospel shoes
Of peace and love, we wound and bruise
Our naked and defenceless feet,
This cry in anguish we repeat.

How hard it is, deprived of light,
To walk by faith, and not by sight;
When sin shuts out the light of day,
And prowling wolves beset the way:

When God, to tempt and try his own,
Has covered with a cloud his throne ;
How cold and lifeless is the prayer
We offer up in langour there.

In love with carnal ease, how loth
Would Zion leave her bed of sloth ;
But, ah ! when Jesus shows his face,
At once she meets his warm embrace.

Then pleasure strews her path with flowers,
While grace descends with unctuous showers,
Enabling her to praise and pray,
No longer weary of the way.

PLAN OF GRACE.

" For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous."

WHEN Adam disobeyed he brought
Destruction on his race :
But on this groundwork, God has wrought
The glorious plan of grace.

Rejoice, my soul, at Adam's loss,
Since man has been restored ;
The Tree of Life is yonder Cross,
Without its flaming sword.

Awful ! unparalleled the pains
Of Jesus' bleeding love !
But it is thus the sinner gains
The paradise above.

Fear not, poor trembler ! but believe,
Why should'st thou stand in doubt ?
Who comes to Christ he will receive,
In nowise cast him out.

Nature's firm laws may cease to bind—
The mountains pass away ;
But where a beggar will you find
Whose prayer was answered, Nay ?

He loves poor sinners ! once he blest
A Magdalene !—a thief !
And what seems more than all the rest,
He pardons me, the chief.

A PRAYER.

ETERNAL Spirit! King of kings,
And Lord of lords art thou!
Withdraw my thoughts from earthly things,
While at thy throne I bow.

Descend from heaven, thou gracious Dove,
And bring me words of peace,
A welcome message from above,
Proclaiming my release.

For long a captive I have lain,
A willing one 'tis true,
But now I loathe my galling chain,
And darksome dungeon too.

Take me to Christ's atoning blood,
For sinners freely spilt ;
And plunge me in its purple flood,
And wash away my guilt.

Strip me of all my tattered dress,
These filthy rags of mine ;
Reveal to me thy righteousness,
And whisper, "It is thine."

Assured of this, I'll sing of grace,
Though in a weary land ;
Finding in Thee my hiding-place,
My confidence shall stand.

A SINNER COMING TO CHRIST.

WRETCHED, filthy, vile, and base,
Saviour ! I would seek thy face ;
Love and mercy ! dwell ye there ?
Frown not on my feeble prayer.

Hear me, Lord, despite of sin
Raging like a fiend within ;
Turn me not in wrath to hell,
Though my deeds deserve it well.

Filled with wounds and bruises, Lord,
I would cast me on thy word ;
Blest Physician of the soul,
Speak the word and make me whole.

Thou canst cleanse me if thou wilt,
Hide these hateful spots of guilt;
Matchless grace and power divine
Only suit a case like mine.

CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

" I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me."

How oft doth sin disturb my breast,
And rob me of repose;
Oh ! that its risings were suppressed,
Sad source of all my woes.

Alas ! within me lurks a law,
From which I would be freed,
For conscience ever finds some flaw,
In thought, or word, or deed.

I 'thought not thus when Egypt's land
First faded from my sight;
A warrior in the heaven-ward band,
All-fearless of the fight.

Not long I triumphed in my strength,
For, waylaid by the foe,
And sorely harassed, I at length,
Began myself to know :

My feeble self, a helpless worm,
Unable to resist,
Then cried I, mid the dreadful storm,
"In mercy, Lord, assist."

My fleshly efforts all are vain,
To bind this beast within ;
'Tis God alone that can restrain,
And slay the serpent sin.

These sins, though mountains high, are merged
In ocean depths of blood ;
My filthy garments also purged,
In this deep purple flood.

What can I more than this obtain,
 Salvation full and free?
 My soul is washed from every stain,
 And pure as it can be.

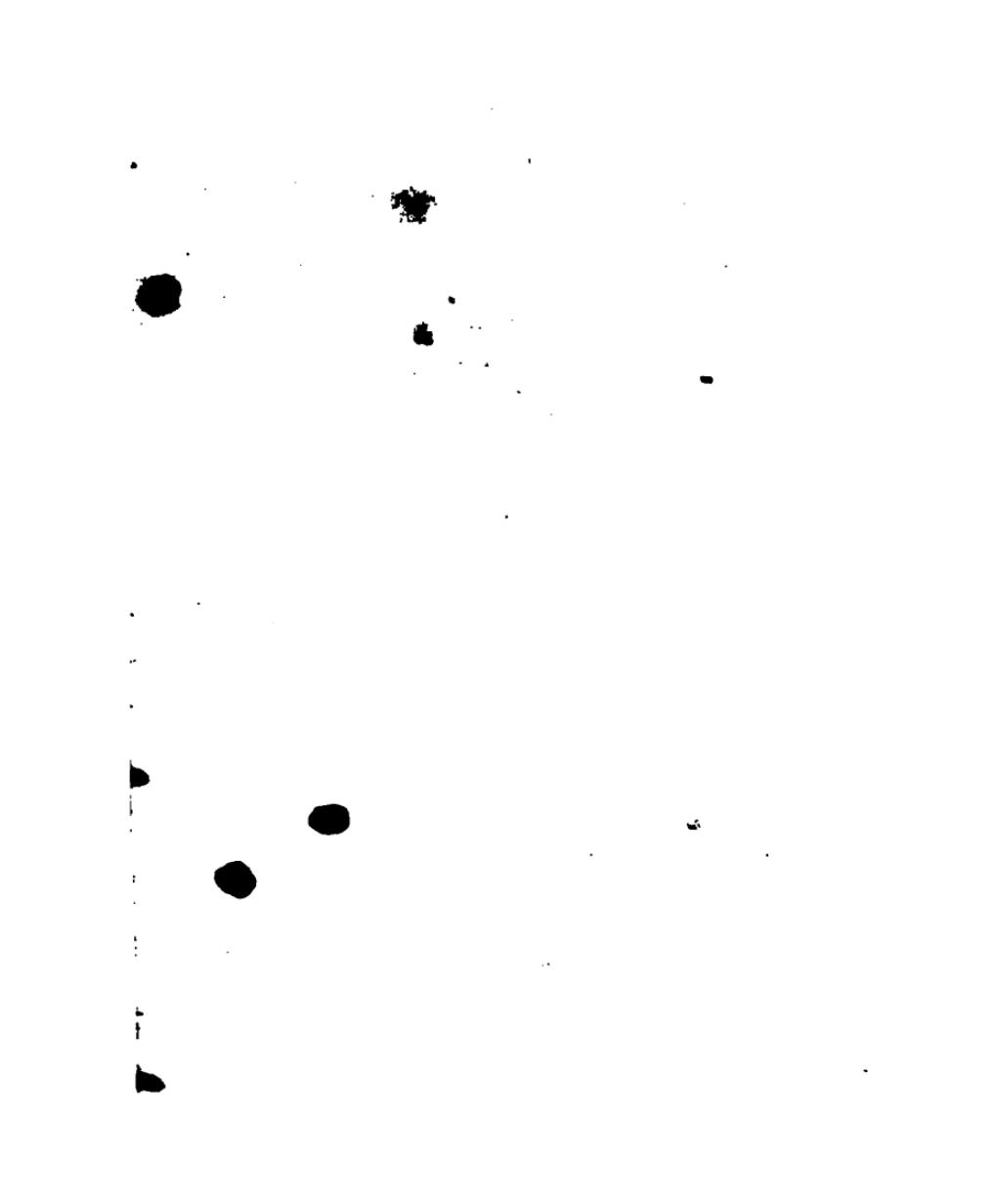
I'd fly away, and be at rest,
 In yon bright world above;
 As wings the turtle to her nest;
 The loved one to her love.

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 In accents sweet and mild—
 “Arise, my fair one, come away,
 My dove, my undefiled.”

He hath appointed me a day,
 Of blest dismission hence;
 To lay aside this cumbrous clay,
 With all the joys of sense.

May my submission be complete,
Is now my pilgrim prayer:
The very thorns beneath my feet
Are planted by his care.

The path of darkness and distress,
Close by the brink of hell,
Each saint in glory shall confess,
Hath all been ordered well.



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